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McLaughlin says
TEDDY IS BACK
—See page 20

# NATIONAL REVIEW

## Crime Sanctuary*

FRED A. SLIMP II

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## The Achilles Heel of F. A. HAYEK

MARLO LEWIS JR.

*(or I'll steal your soul)

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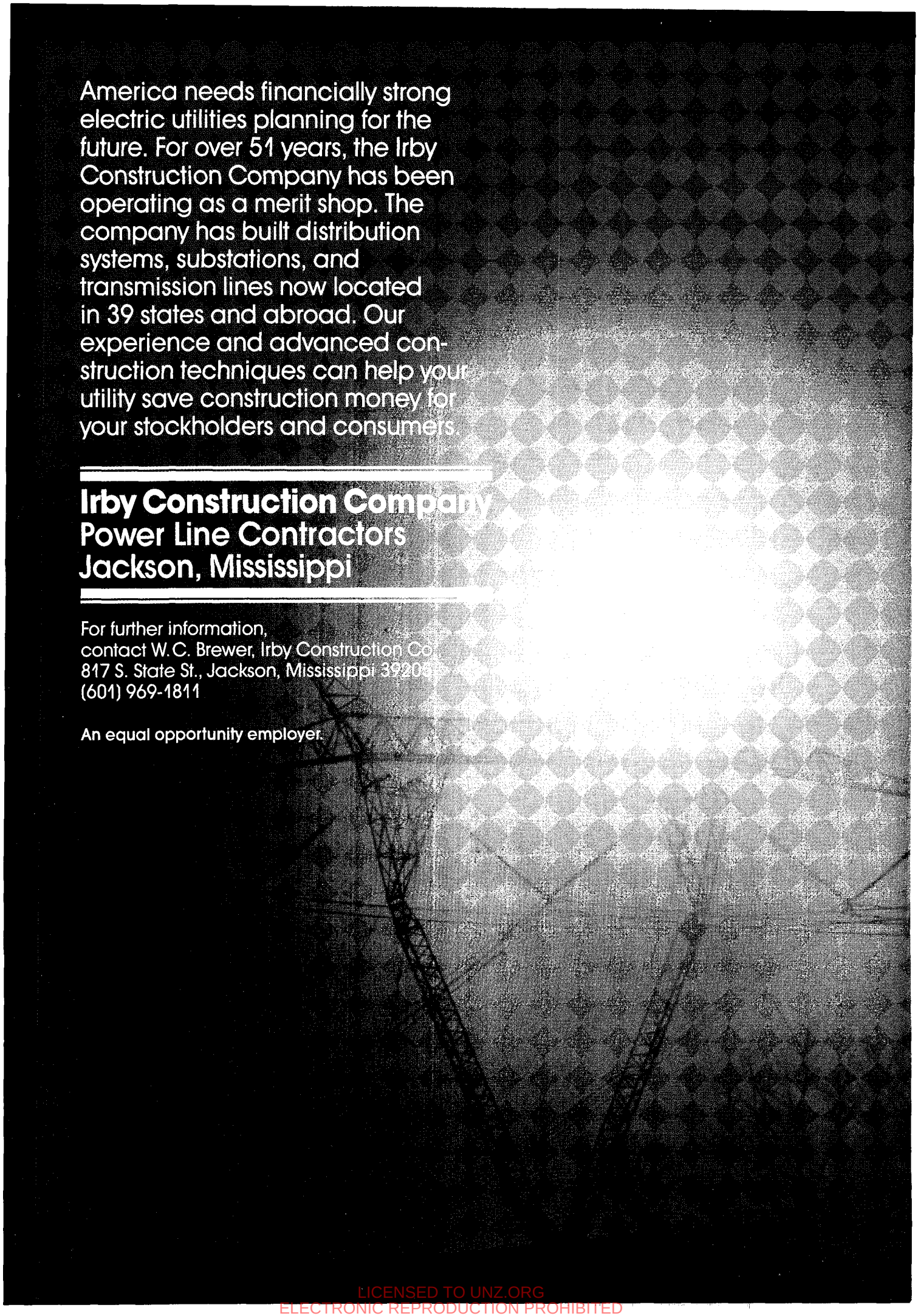
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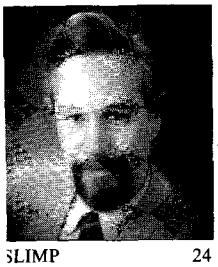
VOL. XXXVII, NO. 9

# NATIONAL REVIEW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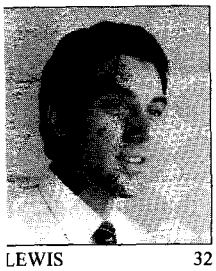
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**24 Gimme Sanctuary: The Right of Asylum**
The latest thing in morally hip religion is sheltering refugees from Central America—preferably refugees of the pinker persuasions. It's being done in the name of the ancient principle of sanctuary. The trouble is that the mod churchpersons haven't the foggiest how sanctuary really operated. Herewith a history lesson. *Fred A. Slimp II*

**32 The Achilles Heel of F. A. Hayek**
Friedrich Hayek's services to freedom, invaluable as they are, don't include explaining to us why freedom is morally desirable. He tells us why our moral heritage is good for freedom, but doesn't seem interested in whether, why, or how freedom serves our moral heritage itself. A man so keenly aware of the power of ideas should have a keener awareness of the ideas of Moses, Socrates, Aquinas, Locke, and even Adam Smith.
*Marlo Lewis Jr.*

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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor

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# LETTERS

## Heroes Reclaimed

It may be ten years since the conquest of South Vietnam, but John Roche's powerful piece ["The Demise of Liberal Internationalism," May 3] brought back all the memories of the day the North Vietnamese tanks rumbled into Saigon.

There were many people responsible for North Vietnam's victory, and Roche named many names. But for every villain, he gave us a hero. For Robert McNamara and Henry Cabot Lodge, he gave us Graham Martin and Maxwell Taylor, men who knew how to fight wars in places other than Washington. Then there was Roche's unforgettable portrait of Lyndon Johnson. For all his faults, this LBJ struck me as a far more admirable man than the one he succeeded as President.

Finally, there is Roche's assertion that Vietnam was "the most idealistic war we have ever fought." Oh, how I wish the 58,000 men whose names are inscribed on the Vietnam War memorial could have heard that before they died.

*Douglas Cummings*
*Chicago, Ill.*

## Life-Saving Debate

In his latest contribution to the abortion debate ["Making Distinctions," April 5], Governor Cuomo seems to misunderstand the Catholic bishops' abortion stance in several ways.

First he claims that "even the bishops, having abandoned the hope that a law banning all abortions could be passed, are having difficulty agreeing on the precise form of a law they can endorse." But the bishops' support for the Hatch amendment, which would reverse the Supreme Court's abortion rulings and allow state and federal restrictions on abortion, is virtually unanimous. The bishops have testified before the U.S. Senate that if such an amendment were ratified, they would testify again to urge Congress "to enact laws to protect the unborn child to the maximum degree possible."

Some bishops have observed that the laws enacted immediately after a reversal of the Supreme Court's rulings would be likely to include certain exceptions for "hard cases." They do not endorse such exceptions, but have said that even this situation would be better than the status quo of abortion on demand. I see here no abandonment of the goal of full legal protection, and no disagreement among the bishops.

Second, Governor Cuomo cites a speech by Bishop James Malone, the president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, as evidence that some bishops endorse his own dichotomy between moral principle and legal policy. He quotes Bishop Malone as saying that "citizens and public officials may agree with our moral arguments while disagreeing with us and among themselves on the most effective legal and policy remedies." Governor Cuomo fails to quote this bishop's presidential address of November 12, 1984, in which he referred to this earlier statement: "As I said in my October statement, there is room for honest debate about *how* we should respond in law and policy to the challenge of restoring legal protection to the unborn, but the debate should not be *whether* a response is needed." Here Bishop Malone excluded the interpretation that Mr. Cuomo gives to his October statement. The legitimate debate, he made clear, is over different means for legally *protecting* the unborn from attack, not over whether legal protection is the correct means for reducing the number of abortions.

Finally, Mr. Cuomo leaves the impression that the Catholic bishops of New York State have criticized him simply because he will not endorse a particular constitutional amendment. But much of their criticism, as I understand it, has focused on Mr. Cuomo's support for public funding of elective abortions in his own state, despite the absence of any court decision requiring such funding. That is, the problem is not Mr. Cuomo's support for funding childbirth as an "alternative to abortion," but his support for funding abortion as an alternative to live birth.

*Richard Doerflinger*
*Assistant Director, Bishops' Committee*
*for Pro-Life Activities*
*Washington, D.C.*

Both Mr. Cuomo and Mr. Tagg seem to be missing something vital. In fact, the whole right-to-life movement has apparently missed it, or perhaps doesn't want to see it.

Mr. Tagg fails to recognize the important "distinction" Mr. Cuomo makes, that no matter how opposed one may be morally to abortion, pragmatically speaking a



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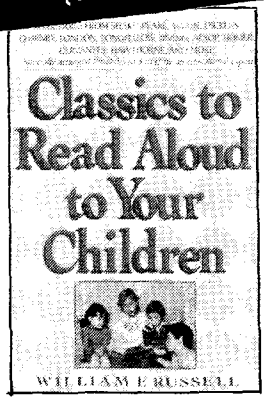


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"Ezra's Thanksgivin' Out West" by Eugene Field
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legal solution is extremely complex and perhaps not viable. Given the permissive climate of the country today, a legal attempt to ban abortion would probably meet the fate of the Prohibition amendment.

Thus Cuomo's admittedly insufficient approach is at least one track we can follow in an aggressive attack on abortion. Giving women who are already pregnant the option of life for their child certainly is going to restrict abortion to some extent. It's more than a drop in the bucket and deserves a bit more than Mr. Tagg's contempt.

But the approach that would fill the bucket is to try to prevent unwanted pregnancies in the first place. Instead of proposing ineffective constitutional amendments and bombing abortion clinics, the right-to-life movement would be more effective if it promoted responsible parenthood. There are two aims for a responsible-parenthood movement: 1) Birth control for married couples. 2) Sexual abstinence for unmarried people.

You *can* legislate morality—when the preponderance of public opinion is in agreement. The moral climate in the nation must change before a legal solution is possible.

*Helen S. Ullmann*
*Acton, Mass.*

I would like to go further than John Tagg into Governor Mario Cuomo's all-out defense of his position on abortion as he described it during his speech at Notre Dame. The governor stated that he was forced to re-examine how he personally and publicly felt about abortion. Nothing is further from the truth. No one forced him to challenge Archbishop O'Connor, who finally spoke out on the responsibility of Catholics when it comes to making a decision as to whether to support a political candidate who straddles the fence on the question of abortion by stating, "Personally, I'm against abortion but . . ."

The governor would have you believe that at all times he is attempting to teach his constituents a respect for life as he also promotes a woman's right to have real choices. But who can believe a man who will tell you on the one hand to respect life and on the other hand that there is nothing he can do about the silent screams rising from the million abortions being carried out under his sponsorship? I certainly can't believe him.

*Richard F. Barnett*
*Minneapolis, Minn.*

I think it was extremely cruel of John Tagg to gun down our illustrious governor with such lethal weapons as intelligence and sound reasoning when it was obvious that the man was unarmed.

But certainly Cuomo could have avoided the whole thing if he hadn't reached under his coat and taken out that pen!

*Gary K. Evans*
*Ovid, N.Y.*

## The Fathers Knew Best

I found Charles R. Kesler's article, "Is Conservatism Un-American?" [March 22], one of the most interesting you have printed in a long time.

I too deplore the way our Founding Fathers are treated with disrespect and thinly veiled contempt by some American political theorists who measure them by current collectivist standards of political morality imported from Europe rather than by the economic necessities and political realities of their own times. But this is an old problem. Roman conservatives also deplored the way their intellectuals were corrupted by Greek political theorists. Nevertheless the Roman state survived for many centuries.

The American Constitution has survived slavery, oligarchy, and Spencerian individualism, and I am sure it will survive Marxist collectivism. This fact speaks more for the wisdom of the Founding Fathers than all the political theories of Beard, Diamond, Strauss, Will, et al. In view of the dismal survival record of democracy in other countries and other times, these theorists should re-read the *Federalist* and find out what the Founding Fathers did right rather than what they did wrong. They are not sacred figures immune from criticism, but their accomplishment entitles them to some respect from their serious critics if not from historical revisionists who want to play God and remake life in their image. And certainly not from anyone that admires Edmund Burke, who abhorred political theorists above all things.

*Joseph S. Duarte*
*Whittier, Calif.*

In his provocative, indeed impassioned, piece on the American Founding, Charles R. Kesler tars the disciples of Leo Strauss with much too broad a brush. I know of at least two works—both by Paul Eidelberg, himself a student of Strauss—that not only refute Martin Diamond's claim that the Framers placed their reliance solely on "passion and interest," but also make a good case that their orientation —especially Hamilton's and Madison's— derived, by way of Aristotle, as much from the ancients as from the moderns.

Unfortunately, Mr. Kesler fails to mention either of these works—*On the Si-*



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*lence of the Declaration of Independence* and *A Discourse on Statesmanship*—both indispensable reading for anyone seriously concerned with the implications of his article.

*George Schloss*
*Princeton, N.J.*

### Toward Free Education

As a Libertarian, I must congratulate you on your masterly use of random intermittent gratification. In your March 8 issue, Jared Lobdell and Michael Novak sound like unreconstructed individualists. You support the Strategic Defense Initiative. These things make me think that you are coming around.

Then Michael Scully and Joseph Sobran address education without suggesting that the basic problem is the *existence* of coercive funding of "public" schools. A totally private system of education would undoubtedly provide instruction in phonetics and religion in nearly the precise amount desired by those who pay the bills.

*Paul Nelson*
*Bound Brook, N.J.*

### The EQ Controversy

Stephen Markman's perceptive piece "Classifying the Races" [April 5] brought to mind Daniel Boorstin's essay of a few years back, "The Grant Application of Professor X," in *The Sociology of the Absurd*, which I thought had thoroughly demolished the notion for good. It ought to be required reading for all congressmen (and Supreme Court Justices).

Professor X proposed (with tongue slightly in cheek) that all school-age children undergo an extensive genealogic examination to ascertain their precise ethnicity (or rather approximate ethnicity to the nearest 32nd or 64th—one must arbitrarily cut it off somewhere). Thus an individual might be one-64th Swedish, three-64ths Italian, three-eighths Irish, one-32nd Indian, etc., and upon sorting out the various proportions, one could determine each individual's ethnic quotient (EQ). At this point one could set up a curriculum of social studies and cultural arts for each student that would accurately reflect his ethnic heritage. Further, the school cafeteria could prepare meals for each individual that contained the appropriate ethnic foods in correct proportion to his EQ.

Upon completion of his education and entrance into the adult world (now we are getting dangerously close to Mr. Markman's subject), each individual's EQ would be applied to his merit quotient (MQ), which would dictate a finely tuned program of employment and housing


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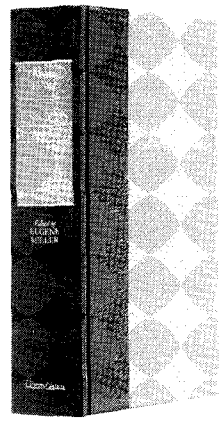

ESSAYS
MORAL, POLITICAL, AND LITERARY

By David Hume
Edited by Eugene F. Miller

Hume published his first book of essays in 1741 and never stopped working in one way or another on essays until his death in 1776.

This Liberty*Classics* edition contains the thirty-nine essays which were included under the title *Essays: Moral, Political, and Literary* in the 1777 posthumous edition of *Essays and Treatises on Several Subjects*. It also includes ten essays which were withdrawn or left unpublished by Hume for various reasons. The two most important were deemed too controversial for the religious climate of his time.

The present volume contains all of Hume's essays on political economy and on government including such well known titles as "Of the Original Contract," "That Politics May be Reduced to a Science." "Of the Populousness of Ancient Nations," and "Idea of Perfect Commonwealth."

Professor Miller has based this new edition on the edition of 1777 and has held fidelity to that text as a paramount aim. He has added editorial notes to explain Hume's many references and allusions which would be unfamiliar to most modern readers. A glossary is provided to clarify 18th Century uses of terms which might otherwise prove confusing. A listing of variant readings is also included.

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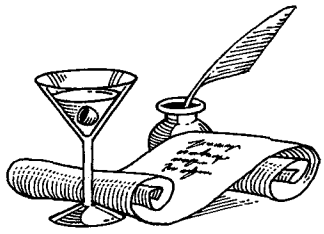

Ogden Nash once wrote:
*There is something about a martini,*
*Ere the dining and dancing begin,*
*And to tell you the truth,*
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*I think that perhaps it's the gin.*

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opportunities, etc., in which certain preferences or handicaps would be allotted after determining the relative degree of oppressiveness or oppressedness of his forebears.

*Thayer A. Smith*
*Downey, Calif.*

## In Harm's Way

I read and reread "Old Soldiers Never Go Broke" ["The Week," April 19] with a great deal of interest, and each time, aside from being offended by the title, I arrived at the same conclusion: There are a lot of people in America who do not understand the country's need for a youthful armed force, and evidently *NR* is no exception.

Yes, it's true the father image sells airline tickets (Dad's flying the airplane, everything will be OK) but a fifty-year-old pilot with a big mortgage and three kids in college won't hang it all out in aerial combat at Mach 1+ or drive an assault helicopter into a hot LZ without unduly dwelling on the obvious thought, "What am I doing here?" perhaps hesitating at the wrong moment, with additional risk to mission, crew, and aircraft. The same applies to all leaders who take their troops, ships, and aircraft in harm's way. Gentlemen, push-button warfare does not exist.

There are those on active duty with ". . . a streak of silver in their hair," because they have proven themselves worthy of retention. Our current "up or out" officer-promotion system gives this country what few, if any, countries have ever had in time of peace: an appropriately aged, combat-ready officer corps.

The nation is paying for a young military force because we have learned from our brief history that an aged military is a liability.

*W. R. Warren*
*Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps*
*Albany, Ga.*

## The Heresy of Choice

Thomas McDonnell, in his review [Feb. 22] of the Greeleys' book on saving the Church, speaks of the insurgent neo-Gnosticism in the Church. A far more widespread heresy among Catholics is neo-Pelagianism. Sin, real sin, serious sin, for which Christ died, has become almost non-existent to many. God is so loving and merciful and man so gallant (despite all the crime we read about in the papers) that everyone is going to Heaven anyway—so who needs the Church? There are just a few of us old fuddy-duddies who still believe in real sin—and we are labeled old-fashioned and not "with it." Thanks to many modern moral theologians, or their interpreters, the American Catholic Church has had the rug pulled out from under it, an inside job, something that no outside enemy was ever able to do.

As Thomas Merton said prophetically long ago, we stand in very great danger of a wave of false teachers. "When the world is in great confusion, every visionary becomes an oracle. Panic, like every other passion, blinds the intellect."

*Reverend Rawley Myers*
*Colorado Springs, Colo.*

## Imported Nuts

I read with dismay the snotty crack about California in "The Week" [Feb. 22], especially since it was only one of many such rib-ticklers that you have printed over the last few months. You seem determined to out-Royko Royko, reinforcing the vulgar perception that our state is "the land of fruits and nuts."

Many of us native Californians find this attitude ironic, since the majority of notorious West Coast characters, the Charles Mansons and the Harvey Milks alike, are immigrants from the vast and decadent East that begins at the Colorado River and the Sierra Nevada and stretches away to the other ocean. You in that far wasteland (home of Tammany Hall, Big Labor, the Mafia, and the Ripon Society) continue to send us your tired, your poor, your muddled asses; once they arrive, you point your finger and call them Californians.

*Robert Hellam*
*Seaside, Calif.*

## Wrong Riding Results

I'm afraid Priscilla Buckley was mistaken in saying that Peter Worthington was ultimately successful as a Canadian parliamentary candidate ["Books in Brief," Jan. 11]. It is true that Mr. Worthington was able to win the Conservative Party's nomination in Broadview-Greenwood, Toronto, for the 1984 general election, after losing the nomination to a more liberal candidate in a by-election held in 1983. However, Mr. Worthington lost on election day to the candidate of the far-left New Democratic Party. It might be pointed out that Broadview-Greenwood is hardly fertile ground for Conservatives, and that Mr. Worthington could easily have run in a friendlier Toronto riding if he had so chosen.

*Arthur Lyons*
*Richmond, B.C.*



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# FOR THE RECORD

On eve of congressional vote for $14 million in aid to *Contras*, Secretary of Defense **Caspar Weinberger** said aloud what Administration has been thinking about Nicaragua and Congress: "I simply cannot understand why a Communist regime so close to our borders has so much support in Congress." . . . Exactly how much support *Contras* don't have was clear when Congress voted. Senate voted in favor of $14 million in aid 53 to 46. Ten Democrats voted with 43 Republicans for the aid; only one of the ten, **Alan Dixon** of Illinois, was from outside the South. Nine Republicans voted with 37 Democrats against *Contras*. But White House proposal lost in House. To win Democratic converts, White House agreed to alter aid package, but Democrats budged little. Major sticking point was that Democrats wanted White House to talk with Nicaragua's Communist government, while White House wanted discussions between Nicaraguan government and *Contras*. A bitter Sen. **David Durenberger** (R., Minn.), chairman of Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, said compromise effort collapsed because "It's too difficult to accommodate that part of the Democrats who want to write every part of Nicaraguan policy on the Senate floor." . . . House vote on *Contra* aid, according to House Republicans, was lost by House Minority Leader **Bob Michel** rather than won by House Majority Leader **Tip O'Neill**. Week before vote Michel publicly told White House it had no chance of getting *Contra* aid through House, thereby enraging Administration and giving some Republicans an excuse to join the winning side. House voted twice on aid for *Contra* freedom-fighters. Aid plan lost by votes of 248 to 180 and 215 to 213. . . . During House deliberations, Nicaraguan ruler **Daniel Ortega** announced his fundraising trip to Moscow. . . . In campaign against *Contra* aid, protestors outside White House used variation on a familiar chant: "Hey, hey, Uncle Sam. We remember Vietnam." So does **Midge Decter**'s Committee for the Free World, which marked the tenth anniversary of the fall of South Vietnam by releasing a report from Aurora Foundation about life in the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. Since 1975 more than one million Vietnamese have been sent to "re-education camps," i.e., prisons. At least sixty thousand Vietnamese remain imprisoned. The number of refugees from Vietnam is undoubtedly well over three-quarters of a million; between 1978 and 1983, 660,000 people fled. . . . A *Wall Street Journal* article by **Jacqueline Desbarats** and **Karl D. Jackson**, two UCal Berkeley teachers, says at least 65,000 Vietnamese were executed between 1975 and 1983.

Sax, *Weekend*/Rothco

*"Ever have one of those days when everybody sticks to the law?"*

The Great Election Robbery: House Republicans are on the war path after Democrats moved to have Democrat **Frank McCloskey** assume the contested seat for Indiana's Eighth Congressional District. McCloskey is winner of third recount to determine whether he or his Republican opponent, **Richard McIntyre**, won last November's election. McIntyre won first two recounts, conducted by Indiana officials, but House Democrats voted twice to refuse to seat him and conducted a new recount, under the auspices of one of their own, Rep. **Leon Panetta** (D., Calif.). McCloskey won this one by four votes (out of more than 230,000 votes cast), and the House Administration Committee unanimously voted to seat McCloskey (its Republican minority walked out in protest rather than vote). . . . Even even-tempered Republicans are furious. "I think we [House Republicans] ought to go to war," said Minority Whip **Trent Lott**, famous for his ability to build bridges in House. "This has put a breach in the House like nothing I've seen in my ten years here," said Rep. **Henry Hyde** (R., Ill.).

The National Journalism Center is accepting applications for its summer 1985 session. The NJC provides training in researching, writing, and editing, plus experience working under professional journalists in Washington. Each intern receives a stipend of $100 a week for 12-week session. Summer session starts June 10. Deadline for applications is May 15. For more information: contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Tom Davis**, or **Mal Kline** at 517 2nd Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; phone 202-544-1333. . . . From May 15 to 17 Marymount College in Arlington, Virginia, will be host to Conference on Violations of Religious Freedom and Human Rights in Soviet-Controlled Central Europe. Conference will be chaired by **Richard T. Davies**, former U.S. ambassador to Poland, and will be addressed by diplomats and scholars. Cost is $120 (includes registration, meals, and lodging). For information write: RCDA, 475 Riverside Drive, Suite 448, New York, N.Y. 10115; phone 212-870-2481.

Is there a Bitburg Open? Seen leaving the White House tennis court, White House advance man **Michael Deaver** was asked whether he had won the set. "No," said Deaver. "I haven't won in three weeks. . . . I haven't won *anything* in three weeks."



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# THE WEEK

☐ Seen in a Spanish-language newspaper: a sketch of Teddy and Tip, gazing at a map of Central America and the Caribbean, on which a second Cuba was wedged between Honduras and Costa Rica. TIP (*meditatively*): "That's right. Another Vietnam."

☐ Lewis Lehrman is that very rare thing in today's politics, a genuine intellectual—defined, roughly, as a man who takes ideas seriously and acts upon them. In this he resembles such earlier Americans as Jefferson and Madison. His conversion from Judaism to Catholicism must therefore be understood as the conclusion of a process of intense reflection, Mr. Lehrman becoming a Catholic because he came to believe that Catholicism is true, or more fully true than other religious formulations. He is a man of thought, principle, and courage, and in his public aspect as a political figure he is a national resource.

☐ Those student moralists who sat in at Columbia to protest doing business with people who do business with people who live in South Africa have been operating quite a slick campaign, complete with fundraising mailings to alumni. An article in the *Village Voice* proudly proclaims that the campaign runs on services ripped off from Columbia itself with the help of unionized employees, including not only computer time, photocopying, and confidential mailing lists but also postage metering, which represents a dollar-for-dollar transfer of larcenous directness. Which reminds us of what a colleague said about why the metal sugar bowls disappeared from the Yale dining halls around 1970: They were all being stolen by the Most Idealistic Generation in History.

☐ Representative Les Aspin, in a major address on the politics of defense, has read the riot act to his Democratic colleagues. The people, said Aspin, see Democrats as weak on defense—with good reason. "We don't appear to support any weapon; we merely acquiesce in some. . . . We are the Dr. No of the defense debate." Aspin urged on his party some drastic remedial steps: to offer alternatives to the weapons systems it opposes; to cultivate projects and reforms of its own (e.g., "smart" conventional munitions, such as drones); a strengthened Joint Chiefs of Staff. Most importantly, he begged Democrats to show "a healthy respect for the dangers posed by Soviet ambitions. . . . Most liberals say, in all honesty, 'It goes without saying that a liberal Democrat seethes with opposition to the illiberal and anti-democratic practices of Moscow.' My friends, it doesn't go without saying. Let's say a few things about the Soviet system." Overdue, that. One of the political fault lines of the next few years will separate those Democrats who believe Moscow is "illiberal" from those who don't (the Jesse Jacksons), those who don't think much about it (the Geraldine Ferraros), and those who'd rather talk about something else (the Mario Cuomos). Let's hope Les Aspin doesn't get too lonely on his side of the canyon.

☐ The Democrats may talk about moving back toward the center, but two of the newest Dems in the Senate—Tom Harkin of Iowa and John Kerry of Massachusetts—have just done a little fellow-traveling down to Managua to bring us a Marxist-Leninist peace plan. Asked by a *Washington Post* interviewer if he saw the plan as a propaganda ploy by the Sandinistas, Harkin said, "No. You have to understand what they've been through." He was less understanding about White House motives: "They just have an *ideological fanaticism* with respect to Nicaragua that goes beyond any bounds of reasonableness." Kerry explained the motives of Congress: "I think there is a very strong sensitivity just *ingrained* in people like me, Harkin, and Gore by virtue of the Vietnam experience that sounds alarm bells."

☐ It is not true that Andreas Papandreou, Greece's left-wing prime minister, thinks the superpowers are morally equal. He believes the Soviet Union is not an "imperialistic power," even though "it often makes moves that are difficult in many cases to distinguish from those of the United States," which is "the metropolis of imperialism. . . . The Soviet Union's struggle for détente is genuine." Whenever that struggle takes a Soviet army or two into other countries, that is only "a result of its efforts to guard itself against United States expansionism." This, and other hogwash, appeared in a recent profile of Papandreou by Henry Kamm in *The New York Times Magazine*. Psychologically, Papandreou appears to be a slightly more polite version of the Third World dictator-hero of John Updike's novel *The Coup*: the ambitious politi-



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

RONALD REAGAN is finding out that fellow Irishman Murphy devised a good law when he said, Anything that can go wrong, will. In mid-April, Mr. Reagan walked onto a ballet stage to salute the artists, only to be told by them that the performance wasn't over; presented an award honoring Nicaraguan refugees to a girl raised in the United States; and lived through the Great Holocaust Blunder.

When Bitburg was first announced, Mike Deaver took the heat, but the fact remains that it is Mr. Reagan himself who insisted that the Bitburg visit go forward. After discussing the cemetery stop several times with Helmut Kohl, the President became convinced that the focus of their meeting must be reconciliation and that Bitburg was the place to reconcile. "Reagan wants to stand beside Kohl," says a senior White House official, "in the same way that Kohl stood beside him when he put in the Pershings and hailed Star Wars. Reagan practices his gratitude, and he always has."

When Deaver went to Germany last winter, Kohl met with him personally, much to Deaver's surprise, and insisted on Bitburg, it being located in Kohl's home province (Rhineland Palatinate). Kohl hopes to gain politically from his hosting role, since his Christian Democratic Party has had some recent setbacks. The chancellor's staff assured Deaver that there were no SS soldiers buried there, and the advance team did not spot the SS markings because of snow on the headstones.

Reagan himself then tried to stop the hemorrhaging. When concentration-camp survivor and Holocaust writer Elie Wiesel was honored at the White House, his poignant reference to the SS gave Reagan the opportunity to cut his losses. Whereupon he phoned Kohl to inquire whether another site could be substituted, but Kohl felt strongly that an itinerary change at that point would create more problems than it would solve.

Although some White House stalwarts continue to believe that Kohl will relent, agree to another reconciliation site at the 11th hour, and thus bail Reagan out, most officials doubt it, and they sum up the bunker mood prevailing in the Reagan inner circle with, "Only an international crisis would save the day—it would force the cancellation of the trip." Some hope.

The Pentagon has been patting itself on the back of late for toughening up its policies for defense contractors, demanding (at long last) better workmanship, honest billing, and prosecution of cheaters. "Commendable," says a conservative Midwestern senator. "But these reforms treat only the symptoms of the disease, not the cause. Sole-source contracting is the cause," he says with not inconsiderable passion. "Why is the Pentagon insulated from competitiveness? What we really have now is a nationalized defense industry." Then he lists contractors who have recently been hit by scandals of one sort or another: National Semiconductor, Sperry, McDonnell Douglas, Rockwell, United Technologies, Hughes Aircraft, General Dynamics, and General Electric.

Defense officials, nevertheless, continue to argue stubbornly in favor of monopoly suppliers, saying that they can be quality-controlled by policing claims and rejecting improper charges. Navy Secretary John Lehman, a dogged believer in free-market competition, disagrees. "If you're single-source, your leverage is minuscule." With regard to pricing, Lehman adds trenchantly, "We have never had a case where the price did not come down dramatically as soon as the second source started producing."

A case in point and one that is attracting growing Hill and White House notice is the unprecedented offer of the Northrop Corporation to sell the Air Force 396 of its F-20 Tigershark fighters at a price fixed at $15 million apiece. Further, Northrop has guaranteed to provide spare parts at a better-than-competitive price in today's markets, and to hold that price for the projected twenty-year life of the aircraft. Not only is such price freezing unprecedented in military-aircraft procurement, but the plane itself is less expensive than the F-16 fighters the Air Force currently buys from General Dynamics. The sleek Tigershark, by the way, cost Northrop about $800 million to develop, has an unmatched reliability factor (97 per cent), has the fastest scramble time of any fighter anywhere, and is quicker and easier to deploy than the F-16.

As might be expected, the moss-encrusted tendrils of the Pentagon bureaucracy are clinging to their sole-source war machine, manufacturing excuses for not doing as Northrop (reasonably enough) asks: Test the Tigershark and compare it. But the real enigma, cited by politicos here, is: Doesn't the Pentagon see the single-source storm brewing? If it does, why doesn't it reform itself now where reform counts, at the root of the corruption? —CATO

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cian, educated in America (Papandreou went to Harvard and taught at Berkeley), who tries to recover lost roots by vilifying his second homeland. Papandreou's defenders point out that the bark is much worse than the bite: Greece stays in NATO, and has renewed leases on American military bases. The trouble with barking is that all the young pups—the whole next generation of Greek leaders and voters—may pick it up and act as echo chambers. Greece and the West will be better off when the electorate finally kennels him.

☐ A World War II guerrilla leader and then dictator of Albania, Enver Hoxha was an iron Stalinist who kept his country cordoned off for forty years from a world in which enthusiasm for his hero had rapidly faded. "Let everyone understand clearly, the walls of our fortress are of unshakable granite rock," he said. Hoxha was a historical curiosity. He was also a jerk, and his country has paid heavily for it.

☐ Afghan freedom-fighters say the Soviets are still dropping booby-trapped toys to maim children, and are using a new "fire burst" weapon on residential areas, "a bomb that explodes about two hundred meters off the ground showering a wide area with a



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sponge-like material that bursts into flames." How about putting arms control in Afghanistan on the agenda in Geneva?

☐ In dying before his inauguration, Tancredo Neves, Brazil's president-elect, became a martyr to an untested idea. Neves was to have been Brazil's first democratically elected leader in 21 years. The reason for the long hiatus, during which the military ruled, was the incompetence and improvidence of the country's elected rulers during the Fifties and Sixties. But the military themselves continued the spree. Neves's successors face a situation—$10 billion in interest due on foreign debt, 224 per cent inflation—that no politician, elected or coup-appointed, could envy.

☐ A. Bartlett Giamatti has announced that he will step down as president of Yale University in June of 1986, at the end of eight years in that post. Mr. Giamatti is a fine Renaissance scholar, a man of forceful intellect, and, among other things, a passionate baseball fan. Only a week before he announced his decision he delivered—at Harvard!—a spirited attack upon the present overemphasis on "theory" in literary studies, an overemphasis characteristic, indeed, of the departments of literature at his own university. His performance as president can only be viewed as a lost opportunity. Nothing really notable happened. Yale did not attempt to assert renewed educational or cultural leadership. Like its Ivy League counterparts it went on with business as usual. The sense of cliché becomes at times all but overpowering.

☐ Is pornography harmless? Absolutely, said Lyndon Johnson's Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography—why, it may even have therapeutic uses. Although rejected by the Senate 60 to 5 (the five included George McGovern and Walter Mondale), the report became the received wisdom—"a Magna Carta for the pornography industry," as one critic put it. Now a psychotherapist named David Scott has produced a startling study in refutation of the commission's findings, which, Scott charges, excluded inconvenient experts and evidence. According to Scott, porn is addictive and desensitizing, with ruinous long-term effects on personality and marriage. He notes: "Half the rapists studied used soft-core pornography to arouse themselves immediately prior to seeking out a victim. In a recent study it was revealed that 29 of 36 serial-rape-murderers were attracted to pornography and incorporated it into their sexual activity." Scott's fifty-page report is available for $2 from the Free Congress Foundation, 721 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

☐ The animal-rights folks are just terribly upset with Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey for exhibiting a unicorn that happens to be a surgically altered goat. The goat seems well cared for and perfectly happy, as nearly as one can tell, and nobody has solicited its opinion in the matter, and this is after all a circus. Moreover, it is demonstrably a unicorn—a one-horned beast—just as the circus claims.

☐ *Now* can the Yale Glee Club sing the Solidarity anthem?

## Only Their Mother Could Tell

Senator Weicker and Senator Dodd
Look like Connecticut peas in a pod;
Even agronomists dare not assume
One's the more liberal-leaning legume.
So, should you meet, please remember to say,
"Down with the *Contras*!" or "Cuba, *Olé*!"

W. H. von Dreele

## The Bitburg Phenomenon

There is much to be said about the projected Bitburg visit. But considered purely as a political phenomenon, it raises one key question.

The visit to the German military cemetery is being relentlessly hyped, here and there with transparent dishonesty. The language used has been extreme, and some of those using it are obviously enjoying themselves. Senator Moynihan, for instance, is simply too brainy to read into the cemetery visit a "symbolic amnesty" for the Holocaust-makers. And the political goal of all this is plain enough. It is an attempt to diminish Reagan's political power, making it easier, among other objectives, for a senator or a representative to vote against him on Nicaragua or budget cuts. It is an extension of the Watergate strategy: Win through hype what you lost at the polls.

Again, considered purely politically, skilled politicians should avoid such vulnerabilities. Chancellor Kohl first suggested the Bitburg visit, and perhaps, upon reflection, some other gesture should have been substituted: say, a visit to the grave of Konrad Adenauer, a symbol of the continuity of postwar German democracy with a pre-Nazi past.

But the mistake having been made, the key question becomes: Has the "outrage" over Bitburg—real and phony—spread outward? Has it gone beyond organization spokesmen, chairmen, and the usual lobbyists to affect public opinion? Are the members of the American Legion, for example—as distinct from their spokesmen—"outraged"?

Our guess is no. We doubt that the fighting soldiers who landed in Normandy and killed the very



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Germans now buried in Bitburg are "outraged." Some of the most moving scenes in recent months have been those of old Japanese and American soldiers from the Pacific war meeting in reconciliation at places like Okinawa and Iwo Jima, blood-soaked territory beyond the imagination of "outraged" lobbyists. Former Japanese servicemen and their families visit the sunken tomb of the *Arizona* at Pearl Harbor. They all know, in T. S. Eliot's famous lines, that they will soon, all of them, be folded in the constitution of silence and that their common humanity transcends old savageries. Fighting soldiers are usually more generous and forgiving than politicians.

Many of the formulations now being used to wound Reagan politically are contemptible, and should be remembered. In a suave formulation by James Reston, for example, we glimpse the canine teeth beneath the good manners. According to Reston, Reagan is "still insisting on laying a wreath at the Bitburg German cemetery, where some members of the Nazi SS extermination squad are buried." Mr. Reston invites us to think, without quite saying so, that some or all of those 47 SS dead were active in the concentration camps. He does not—sly, sly—quite say so because he knows that they were not concentration-camp corpsmen but soldiers. Furthermore, in the last desperate months of the Third Reich, even the SS was using draftees.

When we turn from the politics of the affair to its substance, we find little there that is credible. No one really believes that Reagan is unaware of the evils of Nazism or of the great crimes of the death camps. Indeed, it is possible that the critics have gone too far this time, alienating public opinion through their extravagances. Most people sense that at some point the present population of Germany must be allowed to stop groveling morally. This was Reagan's healthy instinct in agreeing to go to Bitburg.

Significantly enough, the Communist rulers of East Germany have been moving to "de-criminalize" the German past and assert pride in Germanness. They are repossessing German history and erecting monuments to Luther, Frederick the Great, and Bismarck. It is as if they consider that the mere fact of being Communists absolves them of guilt—strange idea—while genuine democrats like Helmut Kohl are made to feel that they bear the grisly freight of the Holocaust. Forty years of democracy thus becomes less cleansing than Communism, even though Communism closely resembles National Socialism in key respects, and even though former Gestapo and SS men moved right into posts in the East German repressive apparatus.

Hitler's fanatical war against the Jewish people of Europe was one of the ghastly events of human history, and it did possess some unique characteristics: its taking place in a country theretofore considered among the advanced and civilized nations, for example; and the bureaucratic organization of the whole enterprise. But there is much to object to in the claims being asserted of the metaphysical exclusiveness of Hitler's Holocaust, and there is much to object to in the use of these death camps as a cultural and political weapon forty years later. Those dead deserve better than the rhetorical uses to which they are being put. Many others have been slaughtered in this century: Armenians, Ukrainians, Gypsies, Tibetans, Afghans, Chinese, Vietnamese, Cambodians, whole tribes of Africans. Our sense of historical tragedy cannot possibly be confined to the six million. As Professor Jacob Neusner has written in these pages, the uniqueness of the Jewish people is a religious phenomenon that derives from Sinai and the Covenant. It does not derive from the secular absolutization of Dachau. We are certain that the President will say the right things at Bitburg. More certain of that, than of his critics' capacity to listen.

## Feeling Bad about Ourselves

THE FLAP over President Reagan's trip to West Germany shows once again that in the mass-media age, journalism is more than the transmission of neutral information: It traffics in the kind of information and spectacle calculated to embarrass Western leaders. The leaks that appear daily on the front pages of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* express something more immediately visible in Sam Donaldson's smirk: the desire to make our representatives look bad.

We can be more specific: The techniques of embarrassment are typically directed against conservative officials. The cameras never seem to embarrass Tip O'Neill or Alan Cranston. But Mr. Reagan's off-the-cuff remarks and caveman jokes are twisted into endlessly repeated "gaffes," with liberal opponents invited to make horrified comments on his "insensitivity." Ever since the Nixon years even White House insiders have learned to curry favor with the press by planting stories damaging to their more conservative colleagues.

But the media don't confine themselves to embarrassing politicians: They also work to create shame about Western history, traditions, and institutions. The West German government has been as faithful an ally as we could ask; it has totally and conscientiously turned its back on Nazism for forty years. Yet it, and not the shameless Communist regime of East Germany, is the object of media criticism. The sins of South Africa are likewise a constant target, all the more so as that country's government makes appeasing reforms; Afghanistan is nearly forgotten.

Many of the current "issues" of public debate have made their way onto the agenda as shaming devices: We hear of the "scandal" of poverty, though it is only relative poverty, a residue inherent in a free society. The absolute poverty of socialist countries—to say nothing of their tyranny—is of no media interest.



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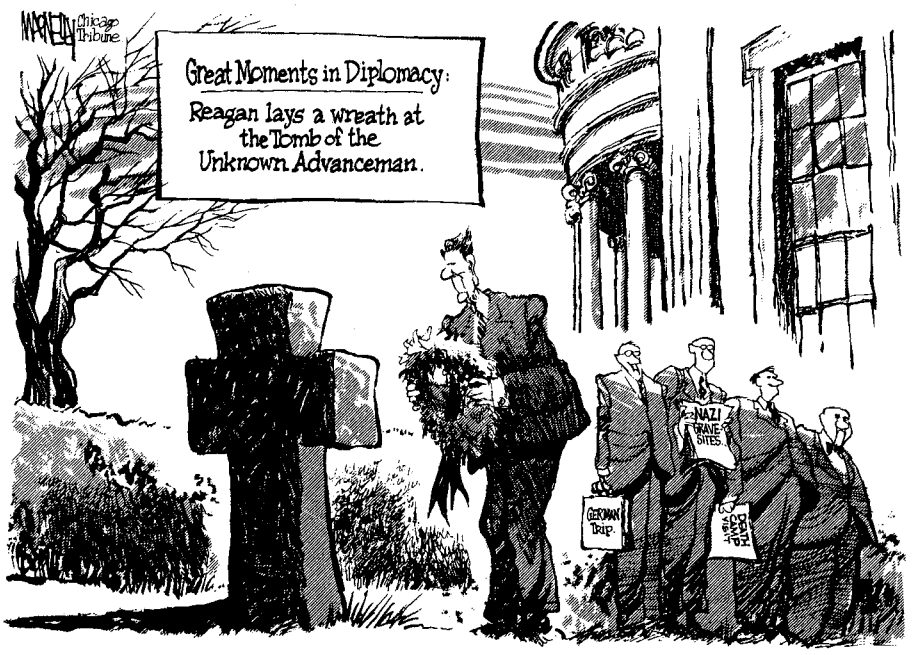
Even the suffering of Ethiopia, aggravated and used deliberately by the Communist regime, is parlayed by the media into another reason we should feel bad about ourselves.

Not only our vices but our virtues and values are eligible for assault. Old sexual mores come under fire as much as segregation laws. Christianity is represented as dogmatic, obtuse, repressive: The Pope too is convicted of "gaffes." Bizarre phenomena like lesbian nuns are treated not as screwballs but as legitimate protestors against onerous restrictions. Every malcontent, no matter how disoriented, becomes a victim.


Chicago Tribune
Great Moments in Diplomacy:
Reagan lays a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Advanceman.
NAZI GRAVE SITES
GERMAN TRIP

All this is more than the sort of "bad news" a merely pessimistic press corps might offer. It amounts to a total and many-leveled assault on Western morale. Mr. Reagan's "insensitivity" is really his quiet, stubborn refusal to be ashamed of the West.

## Embargo Time

IT MAY SURPRISE readers to learn that Nicaragua's number-one trading partner is still the United States. We export about $116.6 million worth of goods to Nicaragua annually and pay out about $105.6 million for goods that Nicaragua sends here. Though the volume of U.S.-Nicaraguan trade has been reduced during the past few months, it is still more than twice the volume of trade between Nicaragua and its Communist allies. We supply many of the goods the Sandinistas are using to strengthen their military machine, including $10.1 million worth of lubricating oil, $10.3 million worth of tractor parts, more than $500,000 worth of track-laying equipment, and more than $250,000 worth of integral tractor shovel loaders. President Reagan should move to a complete trade embargo against Nicaragua.

Opponents of an embargo are likely to point to Cuba, where a U.S. embargo has scarcely influenced Castro's course. But an embargo against Nicaragua could prove effective because Nicaragua, unlike Cuba, still has a strong internal opposition that could take advantage of the popular discontent that would follow an economic collapse.

And collapse is not far away. A bumper crop of cotton and coffee is rotting in the fields: With government-set prices artificially low, farmers cannot pay high enough wages to attract laborers. The gross domestic product *fell* 1 per cent in 1982, despite massive increases in government spending. Nicaragua has a budget deficit equal to 20 per cent of the gross domestic product. And despite price freezes, inflation is rising at about 31 per cent a year. In many government-run markets it is impossible to get any foodstuffs other than Soviet breakfast cereal. There has been a steady deterioration of dietary standards since the revolution. Nicaraguans now consume fewer calories and less protein than they did in 1969. A quarter of a million people have fled Nicaragua since the revolution.

While malnutrition spreads, the Sandinistas spend 40 per cent of their budget on the military, not only to support their own troops but to train other countries' insurgents, mostly Salvadorans and Colombians. The military men and Marxist ideologues are willing to tolerate malnutrition for the sake of their military buildup, but if economic deterioration were actually to threaten their regime, they would have to cut back on the military expenditures. A U.S. embargo would put the Sandinistas in this position.

True, an embargo would hurt U.S. businesses with investments in Nicaragua, and it might mean slightly higher prices for goods like bananas and sugar, but it is still a comparatively risk-free way to curb Sandinista ambition and power.

## Gorbachev's Game

WHENEVER HE NEEDED a break from plotting the revolution, chess and hunting were Lenin's favorite pastimes. Lacking agility and natural quickness, Lenin was a poor hunter, but his patience and concentration made him a formidable opponent in chess.

The Soviet Union remains a nation passionately devoted to the game of chess—both the type played on small wooden boards and the more serious variety played on continents and oceans. What the Kremlin lacks in agility, it makes up for in patience—for chess



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is above all a game of position in which the tenacious pursuit of marginal advantage leads to victory.

The USSR under Gorbachev has greatly intensified its pressure on Pakistan. This, however, is but one gambit in a larger strategy. When Gorbachev rudely bullied Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq on the occasion of Chernenko's funeral, warning Zia against channeling U.S. arms to the Afghan resistance, he is said to have implicitly linked the situation in Southwest Asia with that in Central America. The Soviet leadership sees these crises, so far removed from one another, as taking place on the same strategic chess board. It is perfectly prepared to suffer a minor setback in one of the two regions in order to assure an overwhelming victory in the other. Gorbachev is convinced, evidently, that the United States cannot cope with threatened checkmate from two directions.

The USSR is threatening Pakistan not because the U.S. Congress has consistently approved military assistance for the Afghan resistance, but rather because Congress has shown itself so reluctant to channel assistance to anti-Communist forces in Central America. Gorbachev and company no doubt reason that if the United States cannot summon enough will to provide the most paltry amounts of military assistance to the *Contras* in Nicaragua, then the world is once again safe for Soviet expansionism.

The less than glittering performance of the United States in this grand game of chess is the result of a chronic American inability to deal with the phenomenon of indirect aggression. In Afghanistan, where Soviet troops are in combat every day, Congress recognizes a moral and strategic obligation to assist. In Nicaragua, where the Soviet Union and its allies are engaging in an equally aggressive, but covert and indirect, form of aggression, the ostrich heads are buried in the sand. As for Pakistan, the Administration's total preoccupation with Central America has led it to neglect the equally serious storm center now threatening that Asian ally.

Since September 1984, when Gorbachev assumed de facto leadership of the Kremlin, there have been 38 violations of Pakistan's air space by the Afghan air force. Two hundred civilians in Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province have died as a result of these raids, and numerous acts of violent sabotage by the Afghan secret police, the Khad, have taken place inside Pakistan.

If the United States does not respond more firmly to such Soviet-backed encroachments on Pakistani sovereignty, the nibbling is sure to continue. Yet if the Administration acts to shore up Zia, or to provide serious anti-helicopter weaponry to the Afghans, Moscow may seek to negotiate a de facto understanding —you lay off in Afghanistan, and we'll lay off in Central America. Respecting one another's back yards sounds fair enough, but such a deal would really mean: If you acquiesce in my takeover of Afghanistan I will pause momentarily in my takeover of Central America and in my drive toward the Persian Gulf. The United States should decline the gambit.

## Understanding Treaties

CRITICS OF the President's Strategic Defense Initiative argue that the program would violate the 1972 treaty with the Soviet Union limiting anti-ballistic-missile systems. In response the Defense Department has issued a document suggesting that a reasonably broad interpretation of that treaty would not prohibit the research and preliminary development envisioned in the current SDI program. The critics have counter-responded that such a broad interpretation calls into question the integrity of U.S. treaty commitments and, moreover, weakens U.S. charges of Soviet violations of the treaty (in particular, the deployment of a prohibited radar system at Krasnoyarsk).

A debate such as this will rapidly sink into a legal and semantic muddle unless three key points are kept in mind.

First, the Administration has always agreed that the ABM treaty would have to be revised before full-fledged strategic defenses could actually be deployed. It has suggested that it would be in the interests of both the United States and the Soviet Union to negotiate a gradual, structured phasing in of strategic defenses on both sides.

Second, the Soviet Union has taken the broadest possible interpretation of every arms-control treaty it has ever signed; its interpretations are so broad, in fact, that only the most elegant of Marxist-Leninist dialectical obfuscations can label its actions as anything other than violations. For the United States, in such a circumstance, to restrict itself to the narrowest possible legal definitions would be foolish. Soviet lawyers are trained to make the law fit the wishes of the politicians; American lawyers to treat the law as sacrosanct. Within our own borders the law should be interpreted as narrowly as possible; in treaty obligations, however, standards of compliance must be fully reciprocal. The biggest problem the U.S. has had in arms-control negotiations has been its reluctance to insist rigorously on the principle of reciprocity.

Finally, we should not forget that the United States

### Royalty under Siege

Princess Michael is a patsy,
Since her daddy was a Nazi,
Though if he had been a Commie,
None would bother her or mommy.

W. H. VON DREELE



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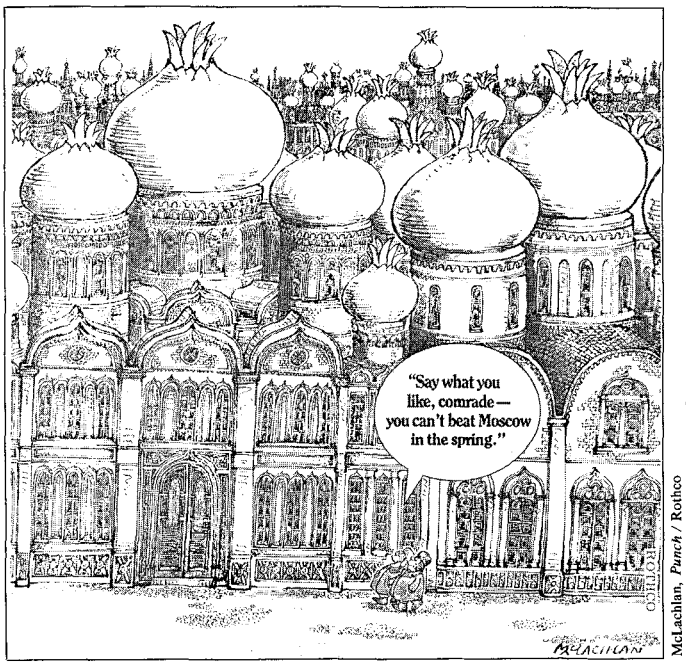
signed the original ABM treaty on the assumption that each side would exercise restraint in the deployment of additional offensive systems. With defenses limited, neither side had justification for a further offensive buildup. Restraint on both sides was expected to pave the way for further negotiated reductions and a new era of strategic stability. But the USSR did not exercise restraint at all. It proceeded instead to undertake the most massive buildup of offensive power in the history of the world. For a full decade following the signing of the ABM treaty the United States did not deploy a single new strategic nuclear system, while Moscow deployed numerous new systems in unprecedented quantities. It also invested massive amounts of resources in research and development work on strategic defenses of its own.

In the face of such realities, the Administration's stance on the ABM treaty appears not merely technically correct, but downright restrained.



McLachlan, *Punch* / Rothco

## What CBS Fears Most

When Chevron bought Gulf and Texaco bought Getty, it was often asked: Why don't these companies drill for oil, rather than buy it? (Although, of course, neither party's exploration budget necessarily declines in an oil-company merger.) But no one asks Ted Turner why he wants to buy CBS instead of starting a fourth broadcast network. Anyone can get into the oil business, but it's practically illegal to get into the network-television business. That's why CBS is even more vulnerable to deregulation than it is to a takeover.

For years the Federal Communications Commission protected the networks from potential competition. It limited the number of VHF stations in each market, with the usual ceiling set at three, even though more are often technically feasible. It retarded the growth of cable, subscription, and pay-per-view formats, and required cable systems to carry the signals of their local over-the-air competitors (the "must carry" rule). It passed out low-power TV licenses in such a way as to make it hard to string together a network from them.

Starting under President Carter and more rapidly under President Reagan, the FCC has begun to reverse this process and open up the industry to more competition. Already Turner's Cable News Network is a serious rival to the broadcast networks in some respects. But since many cities are still not wired, cable networks cannot offer advertisers truly national audiences.

Which helps explain both the motive for Turner's bid for CBS, and the difficulty of achieving it. So long as the networks enjoy their cozy status it will be hard to rally investor discontent against them, although the stockholders-be-damned attitude of CBS management may yet succeed in prompting a revolt. But full deregulation would make it easier for Ted Turner to get into your living room whether or not his bid succeeds—and, incidentally, would make it less important who owns CBS. The prospect network executives fear most is not that of having to put on George Will for balance, but that of losing viewers by a turn of the dial.

The deregulatory agenda might start with urging the FCC to "drop in" the maximum number of new stations consistent with avoiding technical interference; getting rid of "must carry" and other federal restraints on cable; and, perhaps most important, loosening the political strings local governments have been wrapping around cable operators. The idea should be to secure as many different cable channels free of local-content requirements or other controls as customers are willing to pay for.

This alternative also has the advantage of being consistent with conservative principle, unlike resort to the Fairness Doctrine and other ventures in government content control. Combatting the consequences of network monopoly is a hopeless task. It's time to combat the source.

## Spring Break

There is Fort Lauderdale or Palm Springs, but that's only a week; and after you come back, the air continues to soften, and the grass to beckon. Let conscience beckon too, and the temptation is irresistible. Students at Columbia, Rutgers, Berkeley, and other schools have not resisted, but have parked themselves in front of sundry campus buildings, to express their solidarity with the oppressed of South Africa.

Their goal is to push their alma maters to sell all



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stock in companies that do business in South Africa. The chief economic impact of such a policy would be to abolish black jobs, while the chief psychological impact would be to bully the white electorate in the direction of the pro-apartheid diehards of the Conservative Party. These are not the sorts of effects the lounging students would like to see, but then, they have other things on their minds besides South Africa.

*Purity.* Abolish evil, O Lord, but abolish first of all my connection with it. It is better that a thousand anonymous foreigners get thrown out of work than that one Ivy Leaguer touch pitch. *Pick on people half your size.* South Africa is thousands of miles away, with the population of Spain and not a friend in the world. It can't cut off our oil, like the Arabs; or blow us up, like the Soviets; or make better cars, like the Japanese. Probably the only safer target in today's world is Albania. *The pseudo-syllogism of civil rights.* Millions of South Africans are black; so are millions of Americans. Therefore, their situations are identical. It's been a long time since anyone had a chance to sing "We Shall Overcome." *Sixties retro.* One of "the principal reasons I came here," a Columbia lad told the *New York Times*, was "the history of activism on this campus." Pete Seeger showed up at one of the sit-ins to sing "The Lion Sleeps Tonight." *The TV lights.* Every good yuppie-in-training knows the importance of media relations, and one of the first things the folks at Columbia did was set up a Kaypro 2 PC to produce their press releases. *The sunlight.* In case of rain, the revolution will be held indoors.

## Caribbean Follies

*The following is a report by Laura Ingraham, who was a delegate to the Jamaica conference.*

FOR YEARS Moscow has convened international "youth conferences" stage-managed to celebrate boy-meets-tractor and denounce U.S. imperialism. Recently the U.S. attempted its own youth propaganda offensive—a gathering of some nine hundred young people representing a hundred or so more or less democratic countries. They gathered in the delightful environs of Kingston, Jamaica. The goal was to affirm Western values in opposition to Communism.

Unfortunately, organizational control of the conference fell into the hands of one Roy Godson, heretofore unknown. Ideologically speaking, Godson may fairly be described as a social democrat in the Willy Brandt sense of the term, and, at age 42, he has given a new twist to the term "youth leader."

Athwart the resistance of a group of U.S., Latin American, and European conservatives, who called themselves the "Liberty Caucus," Godson orchestrated a conference declaration that endorsed international regulation of modern technology (meaning what?), rejected the "extreme concept . . . which regards private ownership of property as an absolute right" (meaning *what*?), called for the West to divest its holdings in South Africa, and stated that "the struggle for liberation is a duty for all" (except when it comes to Cuba). There is more. The conference declaration stated that "compulsory repayment of loans by indigent countries" constitutes a barrier to development. And more still. It is not aggressive ideologies but "the existence of arsenals of nuclear weapons [that is] a threat to peace and freedom."

A competing resolution by the Liberty Caucus, which stated that political, religious, and economic freedom were basic human rights, was voted down in three key committees and hooted at by Third World delegates. Oddly enough, the Soviet Union was not criticized even once in the final declaration.

Equally striking was the fact that at a conference held to promote the values of democracy, key conference officials were appointed, not elected. In protest, near the end of the conference, 15 delegations (including most U.S. conservatives) walked out.

All of this went widely unreported, as the media viewed it all through rosy glasses, and, needless to say, the U.S. footed most of the bill for this Jamaican farce (nearly $3 million). The majority of those present agreed that in the interest of "peace and global friendship" these tropical jamborees should be held more often.

By comparison, at least Club Med has some sort of integrity.

## The Scene Never Changes

Although the underbelly's been
  Inspected half to death
And though the mea culpas sound
  Like something from *Macbeth*,
The Democratic Party pols
  Are running out of juice,
With Teddy still the fast express
  And Cuomo the caboose.

W. H. VON DREELE

# NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Could you please clarify the rumor that Mikhail S. Gorbachev is of the same mold as Yuri Andropov in being a closet liberal and has indeed authored a book entitled *Closet Liberals I Have Known* or possibly



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*Liberal Closets I Have Known* or *Water Closets I Have Known*?

Thank you,
Nick Cuccia
New York, N.Y.

P.S.: Now that he has assumed full power, will the Soviet fleet become known as Mikhail's Navy?

Dear Mr. Cuccia: Not only that, Gorbachev *looks* like Ernest Borgnine! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

The scientist who jokingly calculated that a bee could not fly was demonstrating that the then existing equations for flight were wrong. I can't blame you for assuming that he actually thought bees couldn't fly, because that is what almost everyone who has referred to the matter has said. One of the results of his work is that under modern equations of wing loadings, etc., bees can fly.

Sincerely,
Gordon [Tullock]
George Mason University
Fairfax, Va.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I must express my admiration for John Buckley's brilliant resolution of Zeno's Paradox ("Notes & Asides," Oct. 19, 1984) as opposed to Henri Bergson's pettifogging explanation of it (Father Mark McGovern, "Notes & Asides," Dec. 28).

Regards,
Fred Richman
Professor of Mathematics
New Mexico State University
Las Cruces, N.M.

Dear Mr. Richman: Yes, Bergson *was* rather a piker, quite right. Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley,

In his letter of December 28, Father McGovern casts his philosophical net overwidely when he states, "Human beings have an incurable propensity to plot human actions in terms of points, lines, and graphs, and then to conclude that they accurately represent the given human action."

The propensity is real—Western civilization demonstrates that—but hardly representative of all human cultures, and certainly not of all human beings. Our linear culture (imagine a line drawn from Zeno through Descartes in the direction of Russell) is rich with visual perspective; indeed, our phonetic alphabet and linear typography stress visual acuity. Consequently, our other senses have been left to atrophy.

Meanwhile, as the West divides and conquers, other cultures sense the world in their own ways. The Japanese, for example, speak of space as being composed of or included within areas—in contrast to the Western style of declaring borders with arbitrary and imaginary lines. Similarly, music here emphasizes beat and notes, whereas *koto* music's appeal is, to the Japanese ear, in the silences between. This is not, however, to say that linearity is not global in effect—witness the Japanese mastery of the assembly line. Nevertheless, fundamental cultural forms resist dissection by industrial innovations. The Hopi language does not readily lend itself to spatial metaphors or time lines. Ideogrammatic languages such as Chinese lie well outside the typographic mindset prevalent in the West. Micronesian islanders are said to be able to know the shape of an island from the sound of waves all around. And at the extreme of nonlinearity one might cite the Amazonian forest aborigine who, brought for the first time from the dense brush, looked across a wide clearing and saw not a cow in the distance but a tiny cow before his face.

Visual perspective and linear intellect are inseparable in the literate, no doubt furthering our reputation for single-mindedness.

Yours sincerely,
Karl Jones
Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I enjoyed reading your response to the editor of the *Baltimore Sun* ["Notes & Asides," Feb. 8]. In pointing out his egregious grammatical error, however, you happened to commit one slight faux pas yourself. In the sentence "William F. Buckley Jr., whose elegant arrogance and affectation of a British accent have won him fame and fortune . . ." arrogance and affectation are not modifiers; they are subjects (abstract nouns) of a modifying clause. Indeed they give the appearance of acting as modifiers (much, so my liberal colleagues assure me, the way Ed Meese can give the appearance of acting improperly). Furthermore, in your sentence "You see, arrogance and affectation being separate modifiers, they require the use of a plural verb," the word *they* is a redundant subject—though I find the usage stylistically apropos, considering its intended affectation.

Forgive me, Bill. This is what's become of the mind of an associate professor of English who has been forced to teach rudimentary grammar to his college students.

Sincerely,
Richard Orodenker
Peirce Junior College
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Professor Orodenker: That's quite all right, quite all right, I understand the pedantic imperative. By the way, the device used above is called an anacoluthon. Cordially, **—WFB**



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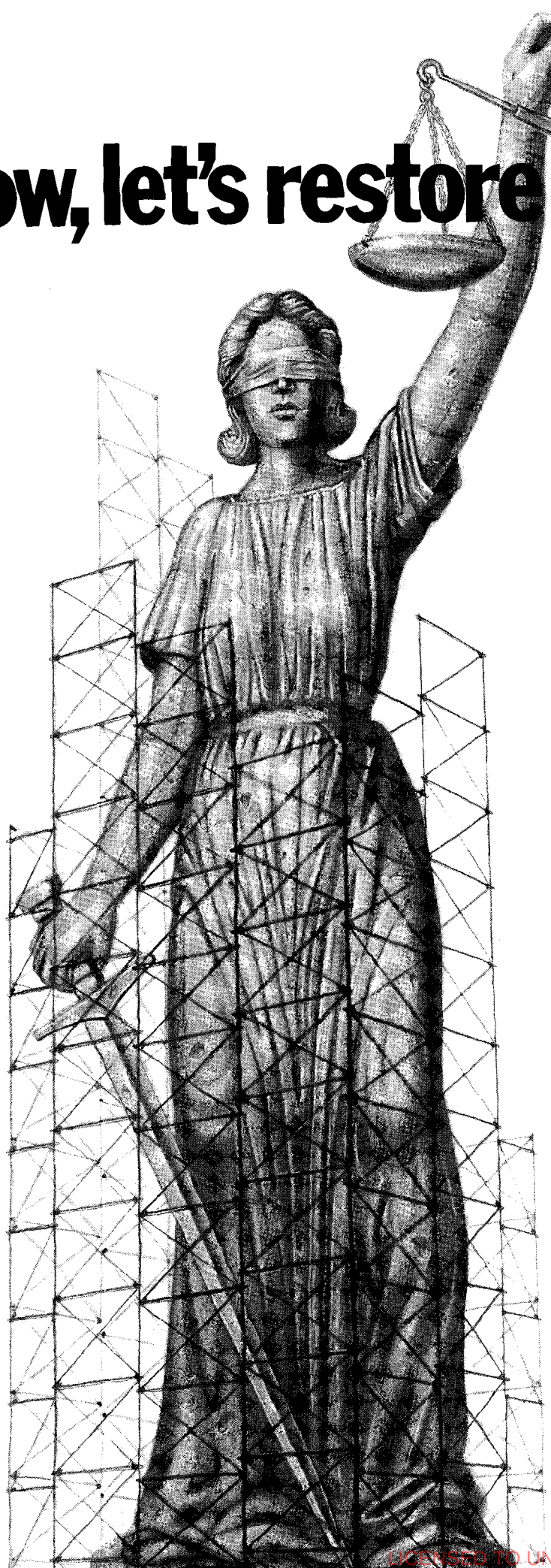
# Now, let's restore Civil Justice.



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# TEDDY'S BACK

THE EVIDENCE is now conclusive: Count Teddy not only in the race for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination but determined to go all out to get it, despite many in the liberal Democratic establishment who think he is out of his mind. Exhibit A, the avoirdupois factor: He's lost twenty pounds, to regain the lean and photogenic look. Exhibit B, the hawk factor: Teddy is moving onto the Armed Services Committee. Exhibit C, the tour of Ethiopia and other famine zones of Africa by the Kennedy entourage. This had its humanitarian impulse, doubtless, but it also served his political ends. Also, Teddy figures prominently in the apartheid/disinvestment debate over South Africa; he leans toward punitive economic measures, a safe political posture for him and one that will stroke Democratic liberals. Finally, Exhibit D, Teddy's calculated mantis dance with Jerry Falwell, which drew such admiring words, surprisingly, from the Baptist minister. It may not have gained Teddy many fundamentalist votes, but it at least blurred the target.

Of all the potential Democratic contenders, Kennedy has the most powerful political-action committee (PAC), which gives him a distinct competitive edge. His Fund for a Democratic Majority is headed by Paul Tully, the savvy longtime Kennedy heavyweight and political director of last year's Mondale-Ferraro campaign. Teddy's PAC has a donor list of well over 100,000 names, "a tremendous advantage" over anyone who waits until 1986 to enter the race, says William Carrick, Kennedy's Senate staff political director. "No one else will be able to touch us," he boasts. What makes PACs important is that individual contributions to federal candidates are limited to $1,000 per election, which means that contenders must have a large grid of small donors for the early money needed to underwrite direct-mail programs and consequent campaign operations. This factor proved to be critical to both the Reagan-Bush and the Mondale-Ferraro campaigns. Without that attention early in 1983 to donations of $250 or less (and the federal funds that matched them) Mondale would probably have "been out of the race by mid-March," notes the Minnesotan's former finance director, Tim Finchem.

Personnel shifts also bespeak Teddy's presidential intent, notably, the move of speechwriter and general factotum Bob Shrum from the Kennedy pack to the new media/campaign consulting firm set up by Pat Caddell and David Doak (former campaign manager for governors Chuck Robb of Virginia and Mark White of Texas). "Shrum will have more freedom to reconnoiter and game-plan for Kennedy," says a Republican Senate aide and Kennedy-watcher. "He will do things for Teddy, but not appear to be doing so." Another personnel change involves the appointment of Bob Mann, a former journalism professor at SMU, as Teddy's press secretary. Mann was press aide to former Representative Robert Krueger (D., Tex.)

What has attracted Washington's notice recently has been Teddy's sudden rhetorical lurchings to the right, especially his Hofstra University address and remarks at a Democratic think-tank meeting in West Virginia. "We cannot and should not depend on higher tax revenues to roll in and redeem every costly program," observed the nation's high priest of liberalism. "The mere existence of a program is no excuse for its perpetuation, whether it is a welfare plan or a weapons system." Or fancy this: "We are citizens first and constituencies second." Commenting on this embrace of the center, a former Hart aide says, "The unblinking blatancy of it is what is so mind-boggling."

Although Teddy utters these trendy remarks with high energy and full-throated oratory, nothing in his voting record in recent years suggests any movement away from liberalism. In fact, the senator's ADA ratings in 1983 and 1984 were ten points higher than in 1982. His ACA (conservative) career rating, by the way, is 5 out of 100 and his AFL-CIO career rating, 93 out of 100. No matter; the public probably won't check the rhetoric against the record. Take note, too, that the senator of late has endorsed merit pay for teachers (unpopular with the NEA) and tax simplification.

Teddy's White House fever is seen in indirect barbs at future rivals, like Gary Hart and his so-called "new ideas" campaign. "The test of an idea," says Kennedy, "is not whether it is new or old but whether it is right or wrong." He has also targeted for criticism the means tests for Social Security and Medicare benefits now being advocated by Arizona governor and presidential aspirant Bruce Babbitt.

KENNEDY'S biggest worry is Mario Cuomo, the new darling of the liberal establishment. "Mondale with charisma," declares one liberal Democratic pulse-taker. "Carter with big-state experience. McGovern without ideologues. Muskie with real ethnicity. Humphrey without Vietnam. Stevenson with street smarts."

But Kennedy currently outdistances Cuomo and all others in the Garth survey (Penn & Schoen), although this may be more an index of name recognition than of political support. (Garth also has Teddy leading Bush by six points and Kemp by 12.) Certain Yuppie control groups are testing out in favor of EMK, too. Recall that that constituency makes up 43 per cent of the vote, a sector that might be more willing to let Kennedy submerge the 16-year-old Chappaquiddick issue, so to speak. Watch out for Teddy the Centrist. □



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# THE LAST VIETNAM?

It was not only in the United States that the Vietnam War was divisive. In London, to be personal, I could name several journalistic colleagues and former friends who would cross the street to avoid speaking to me because I supported the American intervention.

Yet my support was conditional. I was utterly convinced that successive Presidents were right in trying to save the Vietnamese and their neighbors from the horrors of a Communist regime (although even I could not have forecast Pol Pot's genocide in Cambodia). But it was also clear to me that the Americans had no strategy for victory: in other words, that the U.S. was heading for defeat.

Richard Nixon's new book, *No More Vietnams*, is by far the most penetrating analysis of what went wrong and why. Indeed, more and more, the ex-President whose career was ruined by the Watergate imbroglio is emerging as possibly the most important writer in the world on international affairs, concerned not merely with self-vindication but with explaining the facts to the American people in terms of the utmost candor and clarity.

To me, as an outside observer who had covered the first Indochina war both as a correspondent and as a commentator, the main problem was that the Americans were fighting the wrong kind of war. Basically, it was a Pentagon rather than a CIA approach. The South Vietnamese were up against a formidable subversive apparatus in the villages, in which the main Vietcong weapon was intimidation. The CIA understood this and in fact did some remarkably successful work where it mattered, not only in Vietnam but also in Laos, where the Meo tribesmen were trained into a highly effective counterforce. But the Pentagon dominated the scene and saw the war in terms of more and better equipment and of often fictitious and in any case irrelevant "body counts."

A deeper criticism was that throughout the long U.S. involvement in Vietnam (1950 to 1973), the U.S. view of the war was always short term. Although many dedicated officers volunteered to renew their tours of duty, the fact remained that these tours were on a yearly basis. Hanoi could take a longer view: After all, Ho Chi Minh had set up his Communist Party of Indochina in 1930, in his dual capacity as a Vietnamese leader and a Comintern agent.

What Mr. Nixon does, more clearly than any non-American observer could hope to do, is bring out the domestic limitations on any commitment to a strategy of victory in Vietnam. President Truman's problem was that while he opposed the spread of Communism, he disapproved of French colonialism. Needing France's support in Europe, he gave the French minimal backing in Indochina.

Eisenhower, as a military man, was unwilling to commit ground forces to the war. As a politician, he doubted whether he could get away with it after the Korean War. As a strategist, though, he clearly foresaw the "domino" effect of defeat in Vietnam, however much he may have been derided by trendy, misguided academics.

It was Kennedy who first sent fighting men to Vietnam, and it was he who sanctioned the coup that resulted in the murder of the strong-minded President Diem. Richard Nixon rightly describes this event as "a shameful episode." In retrospect, as John Roche noted in these pages last issue, this was a fateful turning point, the immediate effect of which was a long period of chaos and demoralization.

The great escalation began under Lyndon Johnson, whose cruel dilemma was that he could see no way of committing sufficient resources to win in Vietnam and also achieve his "Great Society" at home. Lyndon Johnson was broken both as a man and as President by the Vietnam War, and specifically by the mobilization of the enormous propaganda apparatus of the Communist world.

Richard Nixon, having inherited a daunting situation, faced a dilemma of another kind: how to extricate America from Vietnam while leaving its South Vietnamese allies with the means of victorious resistance to Communist aggression. Alas, he had counted without the treacherous irresponsibility of Congress. Congressional cuts left South Vietnam with severe shortages of fuel and ammunition on the eve of Hanoi's final offensive. More than any other single factor, a majority of America's elected representatives was responsible for the grim reality that Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia are now under Communist rule.

In the final chapter of this powerful book, Richard Nixon makes a plea for a positive policy to deal with the systematic Soviet exploitation of situations of unrest throughout the Third World, many of which are in fact fomented by Soviet agents. Without quite spelling it out, he makes it clear that the major obstacle to appropriate policymaking in such situations is still the U.S. Congress.

He notes, for instance, that "the Clark Amendment of 1976, which forbade covert aid to the freedom-fighters in Angola, gave Cuba and the Soviet Union the green light for *their* covert activities in Angola and throughout the world." And that "the Boland Amendment in 1982 paved the way for the disastrous decision by Congress to cut off all covert aid to the *Contras* fighting the Sandinistas in Nicaragua."

Is there a way out of this structural defect of American democracy? Or are our democracies self-doomed to perish, as Jean-François Revel suggests? Mr. Nixon stops short of addressing this fundamental question. □



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# Q. Why is William Rusher's new book, *The Rise of the Right*, a *must* for your permanent library (not to mention one you'll want your kids to read)?

A. Because in this *one* book you get a comprehensive history of the conservative movement in America, from the Goldwater beginnings to the Reagan triumphs—the facts, the ideas, and the people who did it all—the whole inside story, from a man who *knows* what happened because he was a prime instigator himself.

You know Rusher as *National Review*'s longtime publisher, prolific author, TV personality, newspaper columnist, and speaker. But behind his prodigious public performance he's been hard at work (for more than 30 years!) instructing a generation of conservatives—from old pros to the *new* generation—in the art of successful politics.

Now he tells the whole story, and it's fascinating stuff, as you'll see for yourself from the first page—his vivid description of the 1950s will remind you that, for conservatives, there seemed little hope of displacing liberalism's dominance of *both* political parties. That was when Rusher and a small band of dedicated colleagues began putting together the political network that would not only launch a bold attempt to capture the Republican Party but *succeed* in an amazingly short time!

It's all in this new book, and if anyone doubts how *good* it is, listen to what Barry Goldwater himself wrote to Rusher just after publication: "I read it completely last night . . . I couldn't put it down . . . I don't think there is anything in the entire book that I would disagree with or, if I did, to any great extent." *Some* praise from one of the principal characters in a story that spares no details about the many conflicts and misunderstandings—personal and political—that inevitably happened along the road to victory.

As we say, here is a book you will want to *own* yourself, to have handy in the years ahead. If *you* lived through it all, you'll find *The Rise of the Right* the perfect How It Really Was record (you'll want your children to read it too!). If you are a younger conservative, it's a one-volume guide to one of the most remarkable political turn-arounds in our history.

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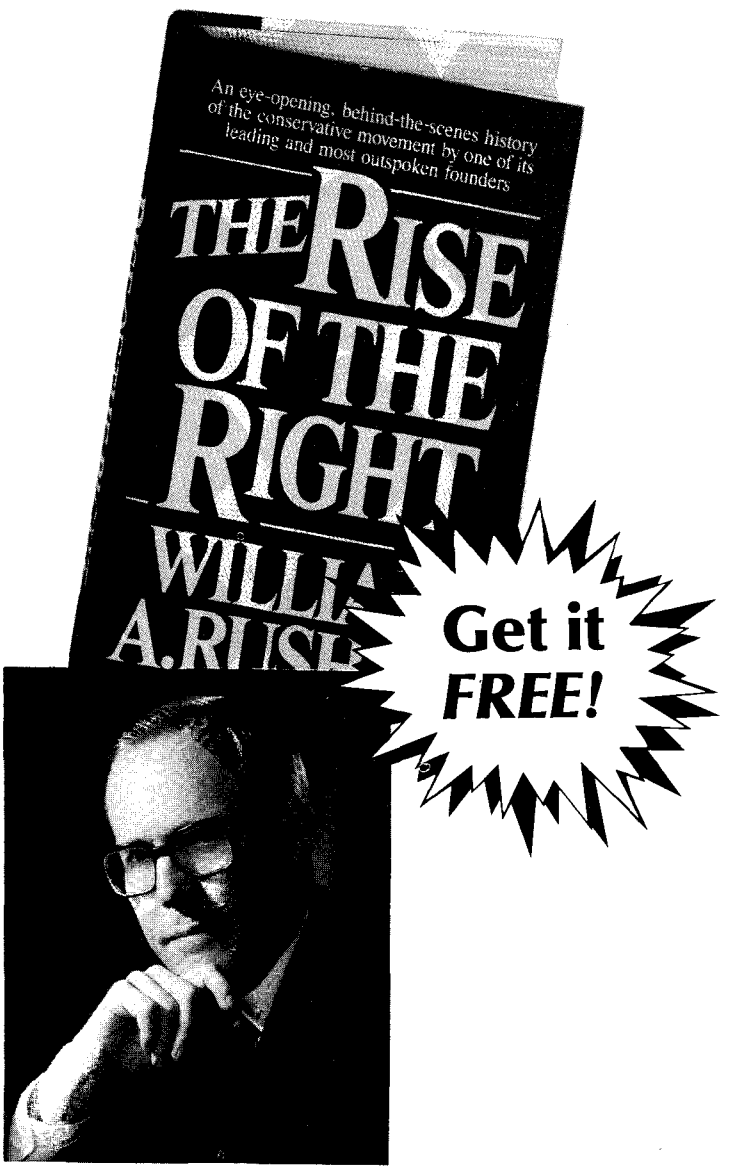
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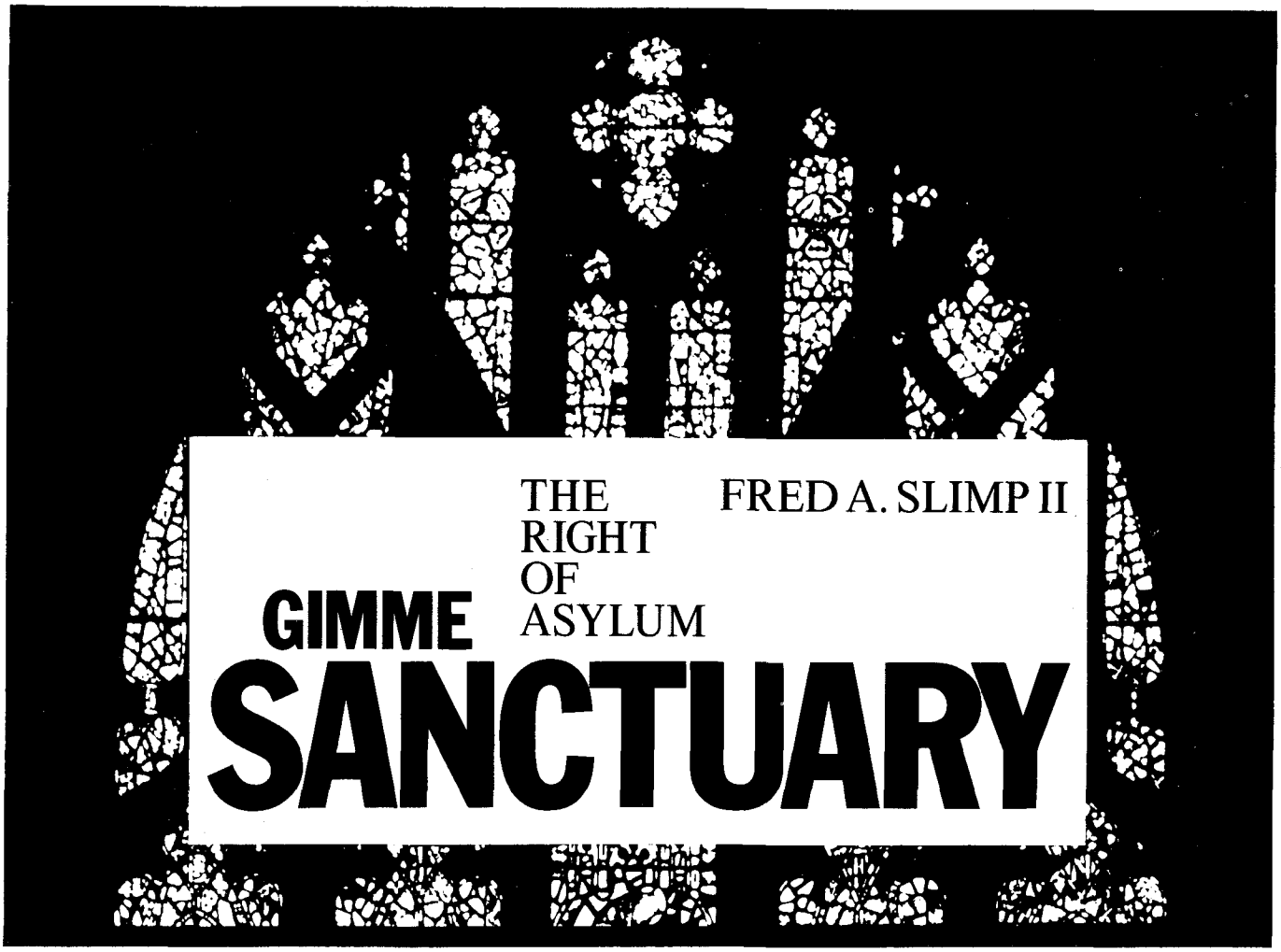

# GIMME SANCTUARY

## THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM

FRED A. SLIMP II

It's a fine, sunny day, after a not too hectic week, and so, basking in an incipient ebullience, you receive with equanimity your wife's suggestion that you accompany her to Mass tomorrow morning. She promises "something interesting" will happen; you're sure to be surprised.

The mood of ebullience starts to attenuate perceptibly. You are well aware of what "something interesting" usually means: They've added a ukulele to the folk Mass again. But no, your wife persists, the surprise concerns a new mission of the Church, like the old days when visiting missionary priests would regale the parish with stories of roughing it *pro Deo et ecclesia* in some unpronounceable corner of the Lord's vineyard. That doesn't sound half bad, you muse inwardly. You cast your mental gaze once again over that wonderful Sunday when *60 Minutes—60 Minutes*, for God's sake—pinned the tail on the clerical donkeys running the World Council of Churches. Nothing so fine has happened in your church, but John Paul still seems to have things under control. So why not go? She's already got you contributing on a regular basis again anyway. You say you will.

Seated in your pew the next day, you ponder the changes of the last two decades. As you're wondering if the pendulum may not be swinging back again, the Mass begins.

But it doesn't get very far. The Epistle concluded, sounds resembling those made by some ancient agricultural implement clanking to a stop fill the rear of the church. Father Tom bounds from behind the lectern and races for the doors.

"The bus is here!" he yells delightedly.

"What bus?" you ask your wife.

"That's the surprise," she says, beaming and turning hurriedly around. "The refugees are here . . . the people from El Salvador."

"Oh, God," you murmur, feeling queasy as the noise of loud, effusive greetings draws near.

The rear doors burst open, and Father Tom leads eight or ten emaciated but determined-looking adults up to the altar.

Two tired, smiling women are carrying silent children.

"*Amigos*," commences Father Tom, "friends. Today begins a new day for our parish. We are about to become a sanctuary for these brothers and sisters from the terror and violence our country is supporting and creating in El Salvador. They have come to share their lives with us. They will teach us many things if we will be patient and willing to learn from them. I know you're glad they're here. Becky, play allelu. Let's all sing allelu for our *amigos* from El Salvador."

The thin, insipid tune strings out over the church. Some of the worshippers gaze raptly at the crowd around the altar; some are merely indifferent. Oh, no, you groan audibly. It's starting again. It's starting again.

Yes, it is starting again. The Church and the churches, having with difficulty survived the decimations of the Seventies provoked by the shenanigans of liberal clerics, are embarking on a new folly—the



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sanctuary movement. Throughout many Western states, and with connections in the East as well, a veritable hostelry for expatriate Salvadorans and other illegal Central American entrants to our country is operating right under the noses of U.S. immigration officers. Chains of sympathetic parishes, congregations, and synagogues are offering their facilities for this latest manifestation of religious Left-think. As the effects of Communist religious repression become unmistakably clear in Nicaragua and Poland, to name only the most prominent examples, liberal American clergy and their followers are preparing for a new round of ritual social suicide.

And they are having some initial success in the courts. In January, a federal court in Corpus Christi, Texas, acquitted Jack Elder, the director of Casa Oscar Romero in San Benito, Texas, and a prominent activist in the Catholic sanctuary movement, of violating the immigration laws by transporting illegal Salvadoran aliens along the underground railroad in the United States. Although the acquittal resulted more from the skillful application of statutory ambiguity by his attorney than from public approval and support, Elder's victory was widely hailed by the liberal academic and media supporters of the sanctuary movement as a vindication of its political and theological positions.

But Texas justice was not to be put off quite so easily. A second indictment followed, for conspiracy to violate the immigration laws. This time Elder was convicted, and he faced a possible thirty years' imprisonment and $28,000 fine. Riding to the rescue, U.S. District Judge Filemon Vela offered Elder two years' probation if he would merely promise to cease violating U.S. law. Elder responded that conscience forbade him to abstain from this particular crime. Fine, said Judge Vela. How about 150 days in a halfway house, no strings attached? Accepted, Elder charitably agreed.

While it would be ungracious to impugn Elder's victories, we should nevertheless try to pin down just what exactly his movement claims to be, and what it is in fact doing. When the veil of holy secrecy is lifted from the sanctuary movement, we will meet an old acquaintance from the Sixties and Seventies, alive and well and recuperating in the Sunbelt. Liberal guilt's done got religion.

THE CURRENT sanctuary movement aligns itself in carefree historical abandon with the sanctuary theologies of the High Middle Ages. Rhetoric about the recapturing of an essential and natural component of the Church's ministry abounds. But when these claims are studied closely, there are many more discontinuities with the theory of religious sanctuary in the Middle Ages than similarities. Simply grabbing onto an altar is not enough.

Apparently, the first recognition of the sanctuary principle, or the right of asylum, in Christianity was regularized in about A.D. 399, with further adjustments and refinements in 419 and 431. The gentlemen responsible for this codification were Honorius in the West, and Theodosius in the East. Justinian placed the final touches on the classical doctrines in about 535.

In its final classical form, this teaching was a limited doctrine, not a wide-open invitation to shelter any and all comers. Justinian specifically refused the right to murderers, adulterers, and kidnappers of women. The medieval doctrine in the West also kept within fairly strict boundaries. Innocent III refused the right to highwaymen and persons who pillaged agricultural fields by night. The Scottish rule even required that the refugee, if accused of a homicide, come out of the sanctuary and submit to a trial on the issue of whether he had acted with intent, or with sufficient mitigation to make his crime the medieval equivalent of voluntary manslaughter. If homicidal intent could not be shown, only then was the sanctuary seeker allowed to return to the church. Any assertion of a boundless right of sanctuary, putting the refugee completely beyond the reach of the secular authorities, would have sounded very strange to medieval churchmen. The right was subject to close policy supervision by secular and ecclesiastical authorities.

Anna Lieber

Furthermore, the right existed for limited purposes, and within a limited time frame. It also entailed the ultimate loss of property, and the very real possibility of outlawry if the prescribed forms were not followed. Canon law stipulated that sanctuary existed for the purpose of preventing bloodshed while the terms of compensation were being worked out between the perpetrator and the victim of his crime. No open-ended period of time that resulted in defiance of the secular authority was tolerated. When the deliberations were over, the refugee was out. *Cessante ratione legis, cessat et ipsa lex.*

In no case did the right extend beyond forty days. Within that time, the refugee had the option of settling with his victims or those with whom he was in disagreement, or "abjuring the realm" (accepting exile) and fleeing the land on the first boat out. The abjuring refugee made his departure dressed in the garb of a pilgrim, and was held to an oath *never to return*. He could not stray from the prescribed route, not by so much as a hundred yards, nor could he stop two nights together at any place along the way. In English law, since the refugee had no further need for his property, his lands escheated to the Crown and his chattels were forfeited. Should he be so unwise as to return to contest this arrangement, he was outlawed at once. You may be thinking, Yes, but what of that clever fellow, the ancestor of many a modern bureaucrat,

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who, on the advice of a bright but inexperienced lawyer, decided to do neither, refusing to settle or to abjure? For this there was a splendid answer. The local authorities laid siege to him up there behind the high altar, preventing anyone from bringing him rations, and starved him out. *Finis idoneus.* This not unattractive system lasted for criminal matters until 1623, when James I put an end to it. Civil sanctuary lingered on for yet another century, until 1723, when the first George had had enough.

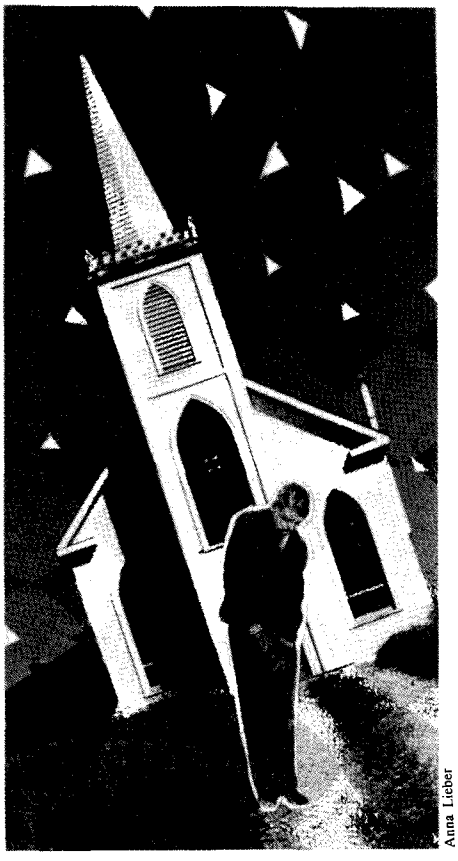
This rational and strictly limited system bears little resemblance to the romantic blatherings of the modern Central American sanctuarists. The sanctuary movement claims the right of asylum for any and all Salvadorans provided only that they pass the capacious standard of opposition to the Duarte government. Recognizing no exceptions, they admit no limitations. This is not the law of sanctuary. Furthermore, the modern sanctuarists proclaim a right to asylum of unlimited duration and for unlimited purposes. Both of these claims were not within the doctrine as accepted by the sensible churchmen of the Middle Ages. They would have immediately recognized such assertions as the pernicious disturbers of the civil peace that they are today. But the modern sanctuarists go even further, and state that a permissible, nay, a *chief* purpose of the right of asylum is the creation of a *platform* from which to disseminate the refugee's views. Consider the words of Eric Jorstad, in *Christianity & Crisis*, October 31, 1983:

> One of the most important aspects of public sanctuary for Central American refugees is its goal of empowering the refugees in their struggle for peace with justice in their native country. *Sanctuary offers not only protection, but also a platform.* While underground, the refugees cannot be but passive before the events in our country and their own. But as they share their story, a bond of solidarity is forged with their host congregation, and indeed with all who would hear and enter into a relationship. [Emphasis added.]

The only platform created for the medieval asylum seeker was the one upon which he would be hanged if he tarried on the journey to the sea and exile.

But perhaps the most curious, yet most typical, feature of the modern sanctuarists' position is that it necessarily entangles the state and the ecclesiastical authority. Simply put, the modern doctrine of ecclesiastical sanctuary requires and rests upon a conception of society in which the "secular power" takes its marching orders from the "spiritual power," with no ifs, ands, or buts. There is no "wall of separation" between church and state here, but rather a flying buttress of church superiority. The manifest impossibility of meshing this doctrine with American political theory is demonstrated by filtering the sanctuarists' position through the Supreme Court's test for religious establishment as announced in *Lemon* v. *Kurtzman* in 1971. The Court said there that a statute or policy dealing with religion would pass constitutional muster if it 1) had a secular purpose; 2) neither advanced nor inhibited religious practice or faith; and 3) did not foster an excessive entanglement of the state with religion.

One need only list those three criteria to realize that the sanctuarists' claims for their rights under the First Amendment violate every element of the *Lemon* test. There is no liability, of course, because the sanctuarists are not state actors under the Constitution. Still, it's instructive to reflect that the same people who turn apoplectic when the Reverend Jerry Falwell suggests that the American people have the right to pray in their schools and to prevent abortion on demand are not *really* against church penetration of the state; they just want to be the ones doing the penetrating.



Anna Lieber

THE PSYCHIC ROOTS of the practice of sanctuary are sunk deep around the earliest expressions of human social relationships. No ancient culture worthy of that name has been identified that did not have this remarkable institution. In the ancient Middle East the Syrians and Phoenicians provided sanctuary towns and temples. The Hebrews also recognized the practice. Before the cult of Yahweh was centralized in Jerusalem, local altars offered individual sanctuary to all refugees. Eventually ancient Hebrew practice limited the right of asylum to six sanctuary towns, where only involuntary homicides could be sheltered. The Greeks also had their sanctuaries among the sacred groves and temples of the gods. In Roman times, the practice was accelerated by the institution of the imperial cult, and passed naturally thereafter into Christianity.

But noting the widespread occurrence of the phenomenon does not go very far toward explaining its ultimate rationale. Two questions arise here, viz., Why flee to the gods? and, Why do the gods grant sanctuary rather than turning the malefactors over to the first passing gendarme? The first question is answered by observing that holy things and places, by the common agreement of mankind, have the peculiar ability to transmit in some degree their numinosity to those near them. The *mysterium* is at once *tremendum* (dreadful, frightening, repulsive) and *fascinans* (enticing, alluring, attractive). Thus, to reach the god or his sacred precincts is to share in this quality of the Other, and to become, at least for the moment, set apart, different, untouchable.

A subsidiary aspect of this relationship is that, once having reached the place of asylum, the refugee begins to partake of the etiquette and decorum that surround the commerce of the human with the divine. In ancient cultures a great breach of social requirements occurred when one violated the bonds of the guest-host relationship. The host provided, in a manner of



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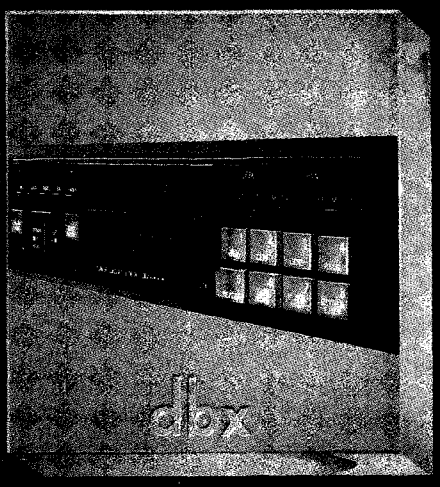

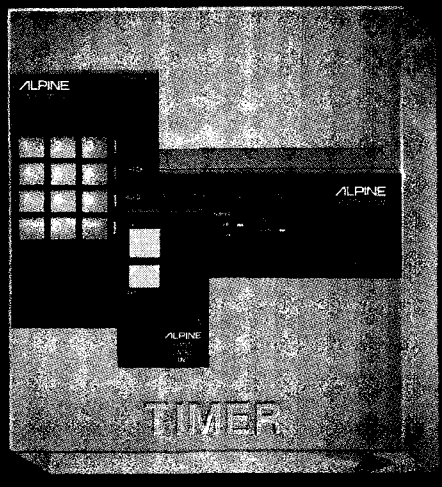


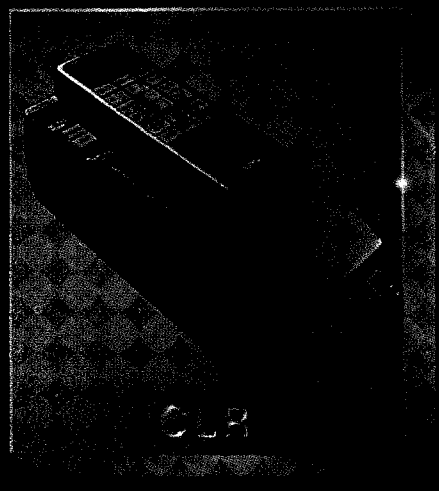


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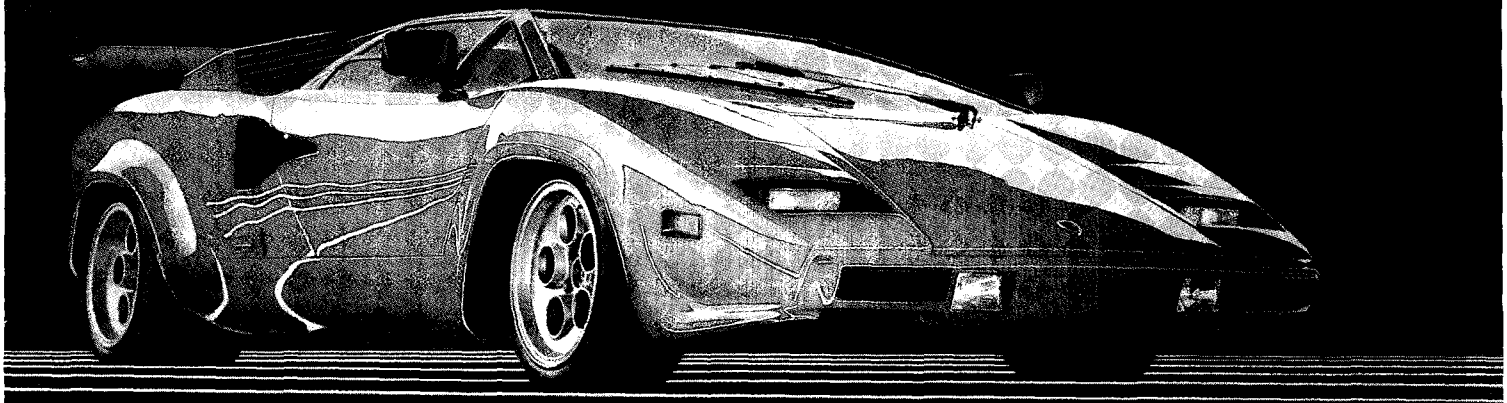

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speaking, sanctuary for his guest, and no man might disturb the aura of inviolability that surrounded the guest. Clearly the refugee was in some similar fashion the guest of the divine host, and let no mortal dare to soil the purity of the divine hospitality by laying hands on the refugee. This invited the wrath and punishment of *laesa divinitas*.

So getting to a god was a good thing if you could swing it. But why did the god take you in? In so far as the ancient world also recognized the divine order as in some sense vouching for the moral order of this world, why wasn't the deity more offended than pleased by the refugee's presence? The refugee was after all a criminal whose presumptive dangerousness to his fellows was the cause of his banishment. The deity accepts the morally questionable asylum seeker for an interesting reason. The god is pleased to receive the refugee for precisely the same reason that the human host was not offended or repulsed by his importunate and unexpected guest. The guest brought with him a threat. The curses of the refused suppliant were genuinely feared. Better to receive the grimy embrace of the ne'er-do-well or miscreant than to risk the threat to home, hearth, or altar that spurned pleas for protection would well merit. As Aeschylus has Apollo say of the suppliant Orestes in *The Eumenides*, "Terrible among both men and gods is the wrath of a refugee, when one abandons him with intent."

Well, what does that have to do with the present-day sanctuary movement within the American religious community? Plenty. Listen to Eric Jorstad again on the failings of the liberal churches:

> The North American church has historically been more active in speaking than in listening to the rest of the world, especially the Third World. This ecclesiastical and cultural imperialism [!] is clearly expressed in the following hymn to the tune of the "missionary hymn":
>
> *From Greenland's icy mountains,*
> *From India's coral strand,*
> *Where Afric's sunny fountains*
> *Roll down their golden sand,*
> *From many an ancient river,*
> *From many a palmy plain,*
> *They call us to deliver*
> *Their land from error's chain.*
> *Can we whose souls are lighted*
> *With wisdom from on high,*
> *Can we to men benighted*
> *The lamp of life deny?*

Quite horrible. Simply shocking. But that's not the limit of our nastiness:

> The North American church must face a difficult question: Is our country helping pound the nails into the suffering body of El Salvador? [Never mind the suffering bodies of Nicaragua, Poland, Russia, China, Afghanistan . . .] The sanctuary movement gives our church a chance to hear this question, as if spoken right from the Cross. . . . To experience the crucifixion of the people of El Salvador is not the last word, for we can also be drawn to experience their resurrection. The victim becomes the healer. . . . In church sanctuary, the victims of the violence *carried out in our name* can touch and heal us. [Emphasis added.]

The simple *campesinos* come to our churches, finding them filled with the unholy stink of success and worldly power, finding us disgustingly crammed with the sheer arrogance of being who we are. Speaking for our better selves, they demand that we turn from our vacuous self-content and embrace their (our!) cause. Dare we turn down their request? Dare we refuse to provide them asylum and sanctuary? Oh, no, no, no. Their righteous curse will then fall on our bloated spiritual corpulence, and we will know ourselves for what we are: Americans, *gringos*, *los de encima*, the bad guys. But the righteous liberal God cannot let that happen. Foul as we are, He can yet use us for His holy purpose, the redemption of the world from capitalism and its illusory surrogate, bourgeois freedom. And if He can thereby subvert the policy of the United States, so much the better.

As you wearily drive home from Mass, your wife is still bubbling with the infectious enthusiasms generated by the arrival of the refugees. You'd rather concentrate on avoiding the potholes in the street, but she won't let you:

"Weren't they beautiful, honey? So simple and strong."

"Yeah."

"And Father Tom. It obviously means so much to him. He said we should just call him Tomás when we're in church. Isn't that nice?"

"Yeah."

"Listen, you'll keep Tuesday evening open, won't you? He asked us to."

"What for?"

"The bean and rice Solidarity Supper. Promise me you'll come."

"I'll think about it."

Sure you'll think about it. For about five seconds. You've probably got better things to do that evening. Like canceling your pledge . . . again. □

## Where, Oh Where?

Some editors, when they're returning your story,
To soften the blow and attest that they care,
Will make their rejections appear hunky-dory
With words like "I'm sure you can sell it elsewhere."

Bad cess to the editor trying to sell me
Those words of good cheer as a tenet of his,
For how would a writer find "elsewhere," pray tell me,
Without being told what and where "elsewhere" is?

Corinna Marsh



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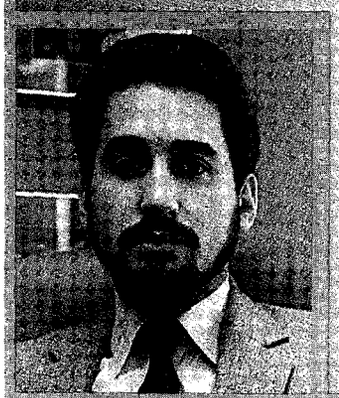

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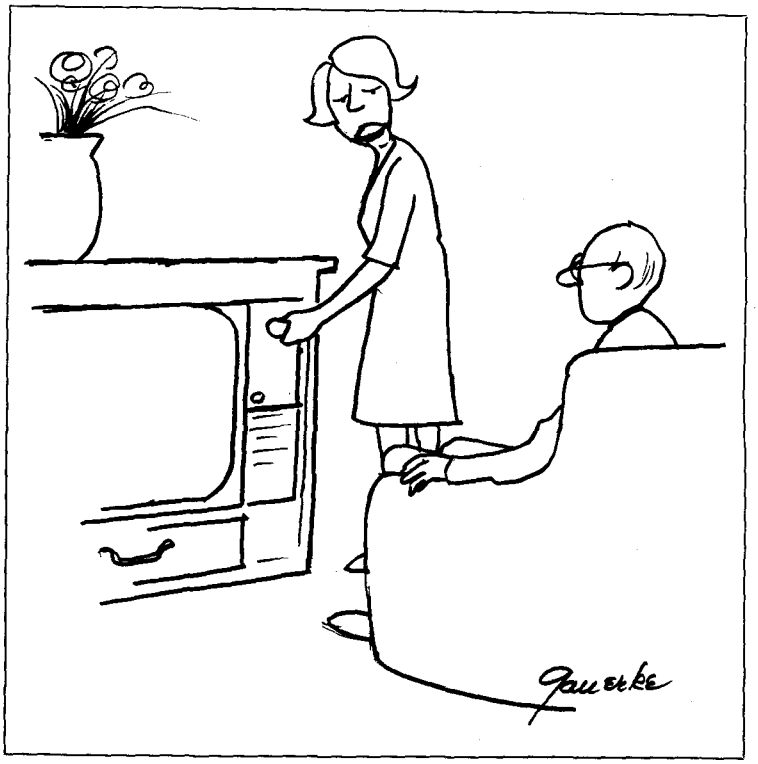
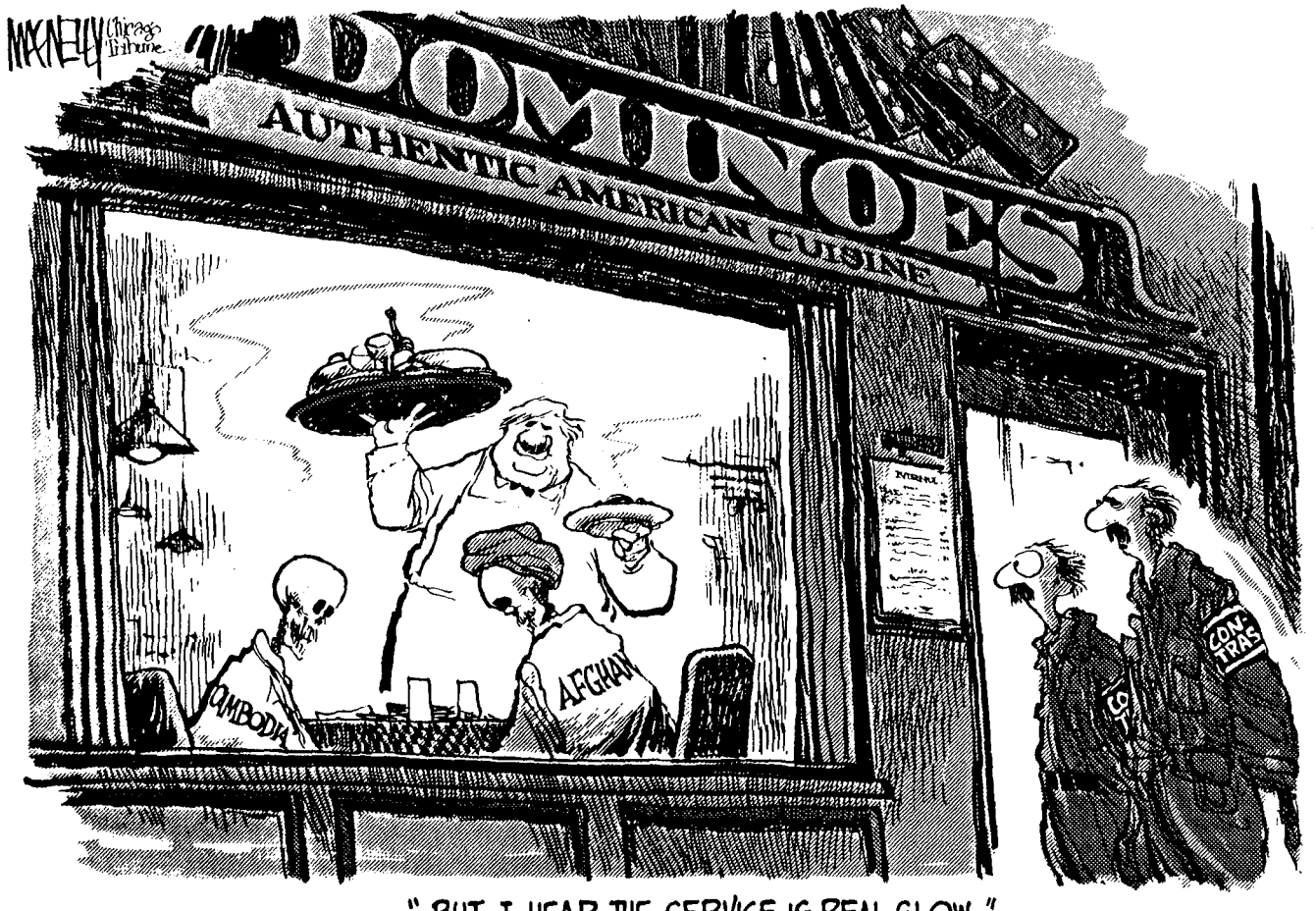
Till buzzed by some B-52s.

W. H. VON DREELE



*"What'll it be tonight, Lou? Rape, incest, child abuse, terminal illness, or teen suicide?"*




"BUT I HEAR THE SERVICE IS REAL SLOW."



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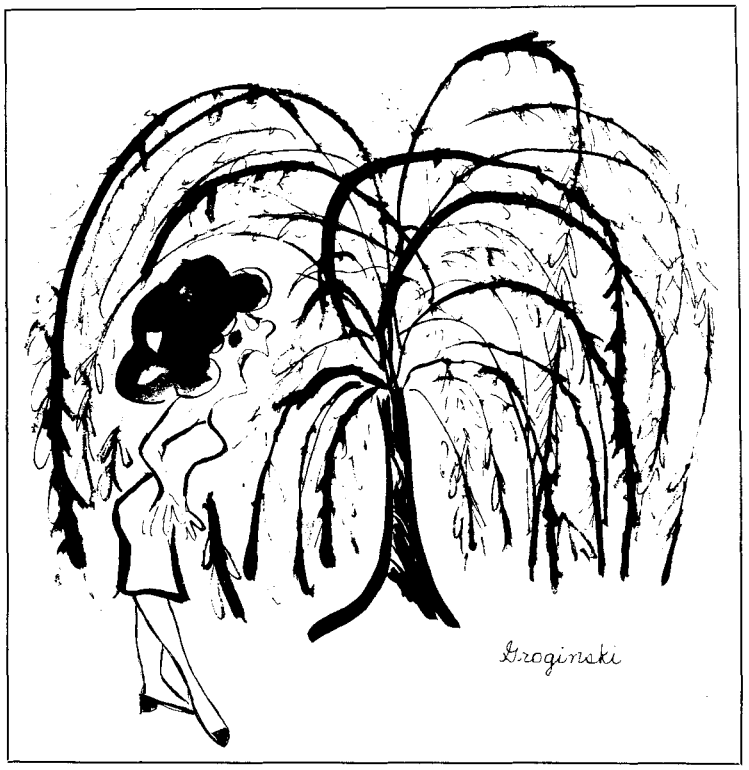
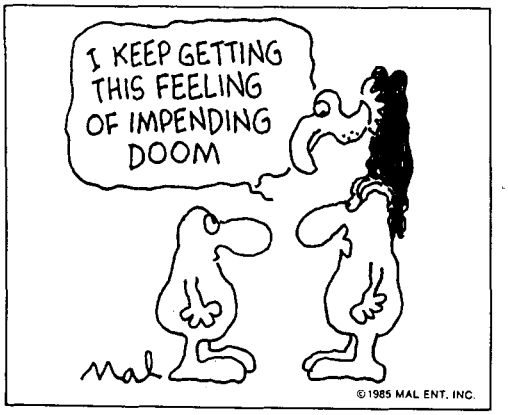



*"Oh, stop feeling so sorry for yourself."*



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# THE ACHILLES HEEL OF F. A. HAYEK

THE AMERICAN intellectual conservative movement may be said to have been born in 1944, with the publication of Friedrich A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*. That book galvanized, instructed, and to some extent brought into being an articulate opposition to the prevailing tides of ideological collectivism. Though he rejects the conservative label for himself, Hayek remains a leading light of the movement he helped to found—and for good reasons. His path-breaking scholarship in the fields of economics, legal theory, and the history of ideas has contributed greatly to our understanding of the principles of freedom. His careful demonstrations of the superiority of a free market to socialism continue to arm us against attempts both crude and subtle to restore serfdom in a modern guise. When F. A. Hayek speaks, conservatives listen, as well they should. But precisely because this is so, any fundamental error of his may have serious consequences.

I believe there is one part of Hayek's teaching that is incompatible with a principled conservatism: his theory of the origin and significance of traditional morality. In both *The Constitution of Liberty* and the *Law, Legislation, and Liberty* trilogy, Hayek acknowledges only one criterion for judging the correctness of any possible set of moral norms: its efficacy or inefficacy in maintaining a social order in which everyone is free to pursue his own ends. There would be nothing very objectionable in this if Hayek also argued that freedom is the only condition consistent with man's dignity as a rational animal, or if he argued that the moral law obliges us to refrain from harming our neighbor in the enjoyment of his life, his innocent liberties, and the fruits of his labor. But nowhere in Hayek's writings do we find arguments of this kind. To Hayek, apparently, the only justification for traditional morality is its utility in promoting interests that are in themselves non-moral.

There is an obvious problem with this view, as there is with any purely utilitarian theory of morals. It is certainly true, as Hayek says, that a free market tends to maximize the "chances" and "opportunities" of any individual, taken at random, to pursue his own ends. It is equally true that the preservation of a market economy depends upon a widespread acceptance of the "rules of private property, of honesty, and of the family." But in themselves these propositions only explain why we should want other people to observe the rules of just conduct, not why we should regard them as binding upon ourselves. After all, it sometimes happens that we can improve our opportunities by breaking the rules. Crime can be a highly lucrative occupation. A tyrant like Mikhail Gorbachev enjoys many opportunities not available to anyone living in a free society. If justice is only a means to non-moral ends like wealth or power, there is no reason to remain just in cases where the use of unjust means would be more profitable. The only satisfactory defense of freedom and traditional morality—and the only one that deserves to be called conservative—is a defense that is grounded in unchanging principles of moral and political right. However, no such principles can be discerned in Hayek's works.

That Hayek subscribes to an amoral moral theory can be seen most clearly in his recent lecture, published in pamphlet form by the Heritage Foundation, entitled "Our Moral Heritage." In it Hayek concisely sets forth "the same argument" he has developed over the years in various books and articles. Our moral heritage, he maintains, is entirely a product of cultural evolution and natural selection. Now, this theory of morals is defective on four main counts. First, it drastically depreciates the role of ideas in the development of our moral tradition. In particular, it overlooks the epochal breakthroughs in moral understanding that took place in Athens nearly 25 centuries ago and in the Sinai Desert some eight centuries before that. Second, the theory is incompatible with the idea of natural law, an idea without which no solid defense either of traditional morality or of freedom is possible. Third, it leads to a depreciation of the importance of statesmanship and to false optimism about the future of Western man. Fourth, it cannot defend the free market against criticisms based upon the Marxist doctrine of dialectical materialism.

## II.

Reason, Hayek tells us, was not and could not have been a source of our moral heritage. Given the complexity of social phenomena, he argues, men could not have known in advance which of the many possible rules of conduct would best assist them in providing for their needs. Nor until very recently in human history, he implies, could men correctly interpret the practical consequences of using different rules, since it was only in the eighteenth century that the regularity and sequence of economic phenomena began to be understood. According to Hayek, then, we owe our moral heritage to the fact that some groups, by sheer accident, hit upon rules of conduct that made them more efficient at meeting their needs. Because they were more efficient, they tended to prevail over other groups and were thus able to transmit their moral practices to

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posterity. In Hayek's words, "We do not owe our morals to our intelligence; we owe them to the fact that some groups uncomprehendingly accepted certain rules of conduct—the rules of private property, of honesty, and of the family—that enabled the groups practicing them to prosper, multiply, and gradually to displace the others." Traditional morality survived (and hence became traditional) because it facilitated the creation of "an extended order of human cooperation," in other words a market economy, which is the economic order most capable of providing means for the multiplication of the species. Traditional morality is thus, in Hayek's view, the unintended and unforeseen result of a process of trial and error, involving literally billions of human beings, and spanning countless millennia. It is both futile and unscientific, Hayek believes, to look for a higher or deeper source of our moral heritage.

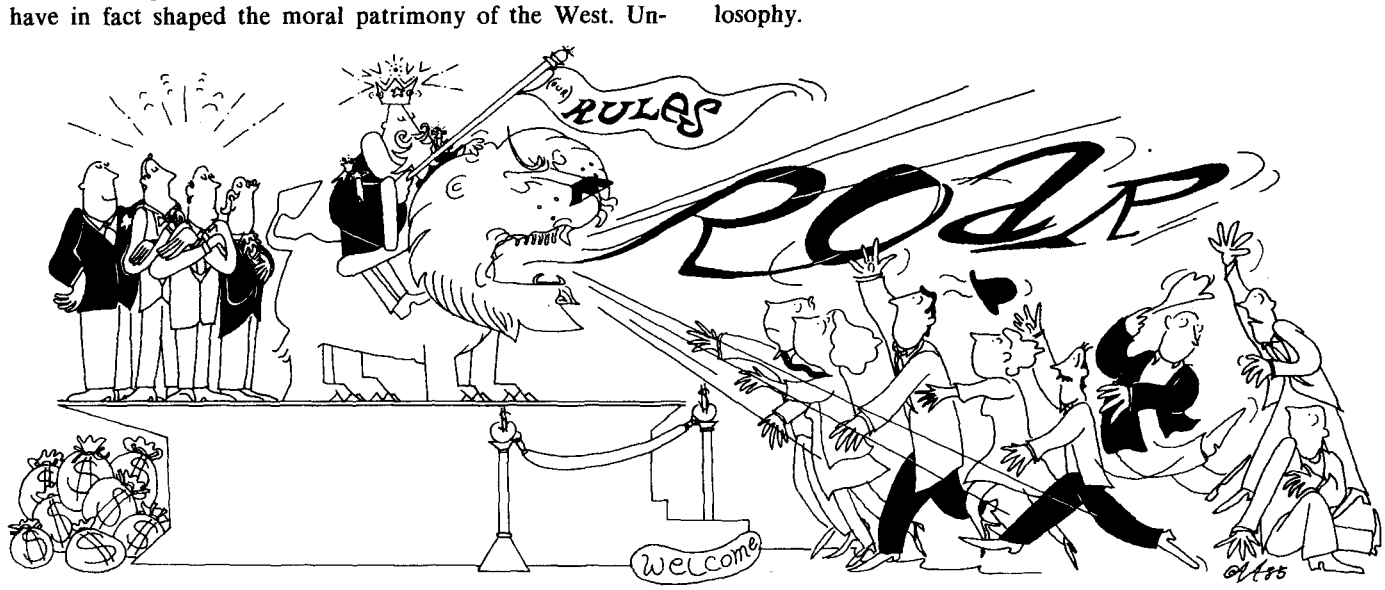
Religious persons may wonder where the Bible fits into this scheme of explanation. Hayek's comments on religion are unusually blunt. Faith, he contends, cannot be a source of our moral heritage, since faith has been used to support all kinds of moral beliefs. True, when faith aligns itself with the rules of property and family, it makes them easier to accept. Indeed, Hayek argues, because the social function of those rules was for a long time not understood at all, they would have been discarded without the support given them by "supernatural sanctions." However, he goes on to say, the "mystical beliefs" that helped preserve traditional morality owe their preservation, in turn, to it. "I believe," says Hayek, "that you will find about every ten years some new creator of a religion that is against property and the family. *But the only religions that have survived are those which support property and family.*"

In sum, the history of our moral heritage as understood by Hayek is one whose abstract features we can describe but whose particular events must remain largely unknown. In this account there is no place for heroes, prodigies, or founders. Our moral heritage is not an edifice whose foundations were laid by prophets, philosophers, and magnanimous statesmen, but an outcome of the same kind of "impersonal" process that allocates factors of production in the marketplace.

Hayek's evolutionism conceals the true grandeur of our moral heritage by disregarding the momentous discoveries, the bold departures, and the brilliant constructions that have in fact shaped the moral patrimony of the West. Unlike all other civilizations of which we have records, Western civilization has in a real sense been founded by books. Because "ideas have consequences," our lives would be very different if, for example, the *Nicomachean Ethics*, the Gospels, and *The Wealth of Nations* had never been written. Professor Hayek seems to have forgotten that although necessity and the natural propensity to "truck, barter, and exchange" have always led men to trade with each other, it was only when governments took deliberate steps to remove arbitrary restrictions on entrepreneurial liberty that genuinely capitalist societies came into being. The chief architects of liberal capitalism—Locke, Montesquieu, and Adam Smith—saw themselves not primarily as economists but as moral philosophers and founders of a new science of legislation. Their aim was to cause freedom to be *instituted* by educating the legislators and rulers of nations. Their books were intended not only to demonstrate the superior productivity of a free market, but also to change men's conceptions of what is honorable and just. For in most nations and ages the entrepreneur has been viewed with hostility and distrust.

There is a "trickle-down" effect in the marketplace of ideas as well as in the marketplace of goods. The great authors—men like Aristotle and Locke—wished to educate a "perfect prince," a statesman who could improve the mores and moral beliefs of common people. Perhaps the greatest American statesman was Abraham Lincoln, and a principal cause of his greatness was his unsurpassed ability, by speech and by deed, to strengthen the American people's sense of justice and elevate their conception of the common good. To no small degree, Lincoln owed his success as a popular educator to his careful study of a few great authors. He read the Bible to purify his understanding of justice and charity; Shakespeare to enlarge his grasp of human character and motivation; and Euclid to clarify his understanding of the nature of inference and demonstration. Above all he read Jefferson, who was himself much indebted to Locke's teaching on natural rights. Hayek's evolutionism ignores the continual influence of theory upon practice, which is in fact responsible for most of the moral progress Western man has achieved.

The limitations of Hayek's account become especially apparent when we recollect the two main roots of the Western moral tradition: Biblical revelation and Socratic philosophy.



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Moses, the adopted grandson of Pharaoh, educated in the high court of a kingdom that worshipped animals as gods and held millions of human beings in chattel slavery, came to see that Egyptian civilization, however fabulous its achievements in engineering and political organization, was riddled with perverse and wicked customs. The polity he helped bring into being was the first ever to be founded on the idea of ethical monotheism—the idea that each of us has a duty "to do justly, and to love mercy," because all men are made in the image of a just and merciful God. The ancient Hebrew polity was surrounded by peoples among whom sodomy, bestiality, orgiastic fertility rites, and even child sacrifice were not uncommon practices. The prohibitions in the Mosaic Law against these and other abominations did not "evolve" out of an established legal tradition, nor were they adopted "by accident" and in ignorance of their social function. They reflected, and were informed by, a vision of the divine that was at the same time an insight into man's special dignity as a moral agent. It is no accident, for example, that the First and Second Commandments together prohibit the worship of "other gods" and the making of graven images. Moses understood, as clearly as anyone ever has, that idolatry and the worship of false gods are bound to make men brutish or inhumane or both.

Socrates was the founder of moral and political philosophy—the first philosopher to devote himself primarily to the study of human affairs. Socrates' persistent questioning of the received opinions about virtue and other matters eventually brought him into conflict with the authorities in Athens. In his seventieth year he was put on trial and sentenced to death for the crimes of impiety and corrupting the young. Socrates' trial, like the revelation of the Law to Moses, proved to be one of the few truly decisive events in history. It was the first time a philosopher defended publicly, and with full awareness of all the relevant issues, the superiority of the "examined life." Socrates' unfeigned willingness to die rather than to abandon philosophy, together with his provocative and often paradoxical arguments, had an overwhelming impact on many generous-minded Athenian youths, among whom was Plato. Through his dialogues, Plato preserved the Socratic defense of philosophy as a possession for all time. He thereby completed the work Socrates had begun, which was "to establish philosophy in the cities and households of men." In large measure we owe the pervasive rationalism of Western culture to the posthumous victories of Plato and Socrates over their Athenian adversaries.

*Natural law is not an illusion, as Hayek supposes, but a reality accessible to the heart and mind of man*

One consequence of those victories was a transformation in men's moral horizons. The Athenians, like virtually all the peoples of Graeco-Roman antiquity, recognized no higher standard of justice than the law. Socrates, on the other hand, held that a law is just only if it conforms to standards of justice that exist independently of the law. To the Athenians, moral greatness consisted in an unswerving loyalty to the group into which one was born. To Socrates, a patriotism not ennobled and limited by an allegiance to impartial justice is hardly different from the "honor" sometimes found among thieves. The Athenians believed that in matters of both private conduct and public policy, the good is identical with the ancestral, the old that is one's own. Socrates believed that an unprincipled attachment to the old and familiar is only slightly more reasonable than a blind enthusiasm for the new and strange. In his view, the excellence of a practice or an institution can be correctly ascertained only in the light of the natural order of human needs. Finally, the Athenians assumed that one ought to accept without question the moral and theological opinions handed down by earlier generations. Socrates, on the contrary, taught that the unexamined life is not worth living for a human being. Socrates did not receive his ethical views from the group to which he belonged, nor did he adopt them "uncomprehendingly." Thus his radical break with his Athenian past cannot be explained in terms of cultural evolution. Nor can his astonishing moral influence on later generations be explained in terms of natural selection. The cause of that influence is simply the power of rational argument and persuasive speech. In each of the disagreements mentioned above, Professor Hayek undoubtedly sides with Socrates rather than with Meletus and Anytus. He does so because he himself, or his teachers, or the forgotten teachers of his teachers were "corrupted" by Socrates.

### III.

However differently Socrates and the Biblical prophets understood the ultimate grounds of moral decency, they were in complete agreement as to its character and obligatoriness. Reason and revelation have over the centuries produced a moral code that enables us to distinguish tolerably well between liberty and license, authority and despotism. It eschews both arrogance and obsequiousness, apathy and fanaticism. While fully recognizing the equal right of all men to be treated in accordance with their dignity as persons, it also recognizes the superior excellence of some and holds in honor the rare virtues of magnanimity and saintliness. Its traditional name is the natural law.

Perhaps the clearest and most concise formulation of the natural law is to be found in the Declaration of Independence. Hayek is an admirer of the Declaration. But because he believes all morals change and develop through an evolutionary process, he rejects the idea of natural law—of a moral code applicable in principle to all men at all times. Hayek's criticism of natural law may be summarized as follows. The belief in a trans-historical moral code is a product of the "anthropomorphic fallacy." Because the rules of morality are usually experienced as given and hence as self-subsisting, and since they cannot be traced to a single human inventor, persons who mistakenly suppose that order can result only from design are compelled to postulate a superhuman intelligence as the source of moral order. Thus, Hayek concludes, natural law is credible only on the basis of certain religious premises that, as such, have no place in scientific explanation.

This interpretation sounds plausible, but it is based upon a misreading of the Declaration and of the great natural-law



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theorists with whom the Signers were familiar. It is certainly true that the Signers acknowledge a Creator and place their "firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence." It is also true that, according to the most influential natural-law teachers, the precepts of natural law cannot be in contradiction to those of divine law. It is even true that the existence of natural law can be construed as a reason for faith, since it assures us that the universe is not indifferent to moral purpose. But it is not true that natural law rests upon premises accessible only to the faithful, or that the precepts of natural law would be void and of no force if God did not exist. The basic thesis of natural law is simply this: There is a moral order, and it is discoverable by the operation of man's natural powers. The real question is whether or not men by nature have the ability to apprehend non-arbitrary criteria of moral rectitude. It should be obvious that this question cannot be settled by either affirming or denying the divine origin of the world.

The natural powers that make the moral order known to us are reason and sympathy (in the literal sense of fellow feeling). It is by reason that we come to know the fundamental equality of all human beings. All men are equal in being members of a single species, a species defined as much by what it lacks as by what it has. Men have reason, and this distinguishes them from other animals. But no man is infallible. Moreover, since nature has endowed man with sharp appetites and pressing needs, no man is absolutely beyond temptation at all times. Men evidently lack the perfect wisdom and complete self-sufficiency attributed to God by both the Biblical and philosophic traditions. Thus all men are equal in being neither beasts nor gods, neither subhuman nor superhuman. And from this it follows that no man is the natural master of another, as any normal and sane man is of his dog or horse, or as a god would be of any human being. Each person, therefore, is the natural master of himself, or, as the Declaration puts it, each has an unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Three further consequences follow immediately from the proposition of human equality. First, the just powers of government derive from the consent of the governed. For since each man is by nature his own master, no man can legitimately claim the right to rule another without that other's consent. Second, rulers are obliged to live under the laws they make. And third, the law may not discriminate among citizens on any basis other than inherent capacity to contribute to the common good. As the Declaration's remarks about "prudence," "savages," and "barbarous ages" indicate, the extent to which equal rights can or ought to be enforced depends crucially on circumstances and has to be determined by the intellectual virtue of prudence. Some peoples, for example, may be too licentious or too uncivilized for self-government. But the necessity for prudential accommodations in applying the natural law is itself a conclusion of reason. From all of this it should be evident that the natural-law teaching of the Declaration is founded on premises accessible to unassisted reason.

The moral order is revealed to man through his heart as well as through his mind. As Adam Smith explained in *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, we are naturally disposed to detest and resent anyone who deals dishonestly with us, robs us of our possessions, or violently attacks us without cause. What is more, because we have imaginations, we need not suffer directly from injustice and treachery in order to be outraged by them. It suffices to imagine ourselves in the place of the innocent victims. When we are not biased by our interests, or blinded to the humanity of other men by prejudice or ideological delusion, our sympathies naturally incline us to abhor the slaughter, the enslavement, and the plundering of innocents. Actions that violate men's unalienable rights are thus the natural objects of anger and loathing. But this is equivalent to saying that such actions are naturally blameworthy, which in turn is only another way of saying that they are inherently vicious and wrong. Natural law is not an illusion, as Hayek supposes, but a reality accessible to the heart and mind of man.

## IV.

Hayek's evolutionism leads of necessity to a depreciation of statesmanship. The importance of statesmanship rests on two assumptions. First, the course of human events is not fixed but can be changed fundamentally by the choices men make as citizens and rulers. Second, in choosing among different courses of action men can look to the natural law for guidance. Hayek, as we shall see, denies the first premise as well as the second.

That political choice has the power to redirect the course of human events was the conviction of the American Founders and of Abraham Lincoln. In the first essay of the *Federalist*, as in the Gettysburg Address, the success or failure of the American experiment in self-government—a deliberately chosen experiment—is understood to be fraught with the greatest consequences for the survival of freedom in the world. If there are no natural or unchanging principles of political right, as Hayek believes, then men of affairs who are at all conscientious would have no alternative but to take their bearings by local or historical principles. Such men might be fully competent to make minor adjust-

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ments or incremental changes in an established constitution, but they would lack the competence to establish a new order of the ages, as the American Founders did, or to preside over a new birth of freedom, as Lincoln did. Only men who possess an understanding of natural law can wisely found or refound their political institutions. As one would expect, in Hayek's writings the idea of founding either is not treated or is treated in the context of a discussion designed to show that our most valuable institutions are the result of "growth" rather than of invention or design. The absence of statesmanship on the level of Jefferson and Lincoln would perhaps not matter very much, if we could assume that the triumph of freedom is assured by an impersonal process of cultural evolution and natural selection. If I am not mistaken, Hayek makes just this assumption.

Like the "pragmatic" politicians of early-nineteenth-century America, who believed that westward expansion and commercial development would suffice to check the spread of slavery by making slave labor economically unprofitable, Hayek seems to believe we can rely on economic forces to disable and destroy the Soviet slave system. According to Hayek, because no group can prosper and multiply unless it observes the rules of property and family, any religion opposed to these two institutions cannot last much longer than a hundred years. "I think that we are watching one experiment, already in a state of decline before its hundred years are over," Hayek writes. "Communism," he continues, "is, of course, one of those religions which is anti-property, anti-family, which had its time, and which is now declining rapidly. We are watching one instance where the process of the natural selection of religious beliefs disposes of yet another mistaken one and restores the basic beliefs in property and the family." Would that it were so! However, I see no evidence that the Soviet empire is tottering on weak limbs and about to tumble into the dustbin of history. When one considers that the Bolshevik Party was founded less than 75 years ago by a few dozen individuals armed with only a handful of weapons, and that today Communist regimes control a fifth of the world's population and a third of the world's land, it is hard to see how Communism's days can be numbered.

*It will take far more than the spontaneous interplay of economic forces to prevent the Soviets from burying us*

If Soviet Communism is a religion in decline, it exhibits none of the weakness of will characteristic of a decadent civilization. On the contrary, in the last two decades the USSR has made enormous strategic gains at the expense of the West. During this period Libya, Nicaragua, Angola, South Yemen, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, and Afghanistan became appendages or instruments of the Soviet empire. At the same time, the Soviets embarked upon the most ambitious arms buildup ever undertaken by any nation ostensibly at peace. The Red Army is roughly twice the size it was in 1965. The Soviet navy, which twenty years ago was hardly more than a coastal force operating in the Baltic and Black Seas, today projects Soviet power across all the oceans and is a match for any navy in the world. Whereas in 1960 the United States had three or four times as many nuclear delivery systems as the USSR, the Soviets by 1970 had achieved "parity" and by the mid-Seventies had surpassed the United States in both strategic and theater nuclear forces. In short, the Soviet Union is today the strongest military power on earth, and it has been growing stronger every year for nearly a quarter of a century. Clearly, it will take far more than the spontaneous interplay of economic forces to prevent the Soviets from burying us, let alone to put them out of business.

## V.

The most alarming aspect of Hayek's evolutionism, however, is not that it might make us complacent about the growth of Soviet military power, but that it could disarm us morally against Soviet Marxism. Evolution and natural selection mean change. Why may future changes not make Communism preferable to capitalism? Hayek seems to assume that self-love, a love of one's own, which is the psychological foundation of private property and the family, will continue into the indefinite future. But this is exactly what Marxism denies. According to Marx, self-love comes from property, not property from self-love. It is private ownership of the means of production, Marx claims, that has made man acquisitive, possessive, and competitive. In the society of the future, Marx predicts, there will be no such selfishness as we now see, since there will be no private property. Men and women, no longer infected with the calculating egoism of what used to be called "human nature," will produce and unite at pleasure, free from the limitations imposed by property rights and family ties.

The only ground on which to meet this argument is the idea of a fixed human nature. But evolution and natural selection imply that human nature is dynamic or changing. If Hayek believes in the permanence of the human nature that underlies private property and the family, then he should not continue to espouse a thoroughgoing evolutionism. Conversely, if he rejects the idea of a fixed human nature, he must concede the possibility that "bourgeois economics" and "bourgeois morality" are valid only within the present or "capitalist" phase of human evolution. Only by returning to the idea of an unchanging human nature—an idea central to the natural-law tradition of the West—can we meet the moral and theoretical challenges posed by Marxism.

If the West can be saved at all, it can be saved only by statesmanship of the highest order. Although it is not possible even under the most favorable circumstances to guarantee the emergence of a Lincoln or a Churchill, it *is* possible by means of bad education to cut off a whole generation from the sources of human and political greatness. Unfortunately, this is what our universities mostly have been doing for the past fifty years. Professor Hayek, by depreciating the authority of both reason and revelation, and denying the reality of natural law, provides no genuine alternative to the fashionable relativism taught in the schools. Hayek's teaching on our moral heritage does not help bring to light the sources of our political salvation. Rather, it helps keep them hidden in the shadows. □



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# MAD AT THE MEDIA?

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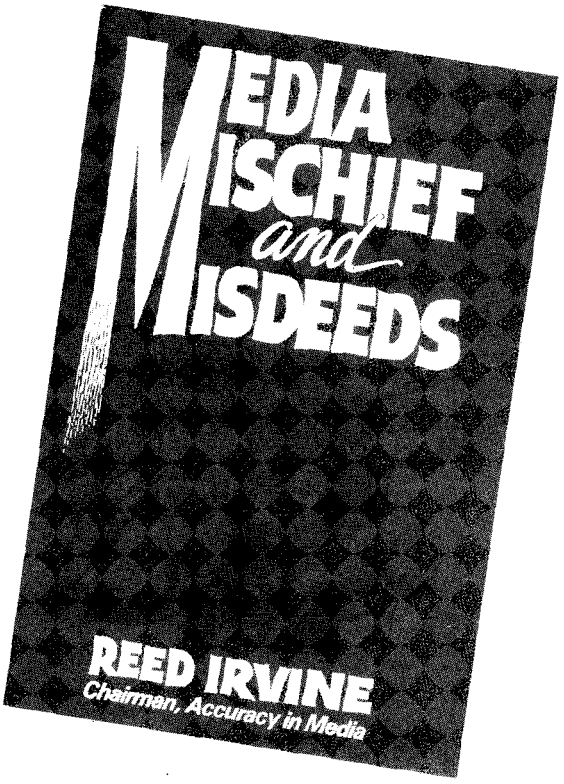


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# WHO DAT?

"My brain plays tricks on me." We have all heard that slightly strange locution. If it is "mine," then how can it be something so separate that it can "play tricks" on me? I can't answer that question, but I can confirm that the locution describes everything I know about my relation with my own brain. I am one thing, and it is another.

I am a red-faced, dumpy, greying, balding, droning, battle-scarred, trail-weary, oozy-eyed bookworm. The five pounds of unfeeling junk in my cranium is the Entertainment Committee.

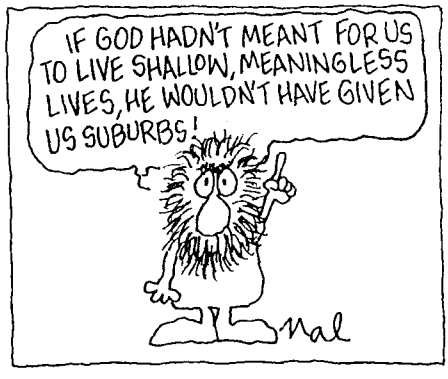
Really, I never know what it's going to do. We were sitting around in Greenwich, Connecticut, one evening and some twit who made his brightness in society by propounding conundrums asked if anyone knew the names of the four towns in the state of Connecticut that had only four letters in their names. No one did, not even I. But the Entertainment Committee, upstairs, processed the question and, a moment later, interrupted some different piece of utterly fascinating cocktail gossip by making me say: "Avon, Kent, Lyme, Troy."

They patted me on the head like a smart puppy and went on about their business, but I haven't forgotten the incident. There is Someone Upstairs who has a preternatural fondness for filing away geographical names not only in alphabetical order—for they came out, or came down from Upstairs, in alphabetical order—but also in sizes.

I have recently completed a close reading of a book on the brain, and I can believe anything you say about its ability. The number of possible combinations of synapses in the ordinary brain is larger than the number of atoms in the universe. We all have the possibility. But not all of us have the synapses in close working harmony.

What makes the harmony, I don't know. It does, I am sure, have much to do with love, for if you love something, you remember it, and you remember everything about it. George Stewart, whose book on the origin of American place names is a great glory, tells us that he fell in love with place names when he was five or six, and ever after remembered everything he heard or saw about such matters. He almost wrote the dictionary from memory. Chess players, effortlessly, remember every move of thousands of games. Bridge players, from the love of it all, remember every card played in every hand dealt throughout their careers. Musicians remember simply millions of notes.

Musicians—ah, now you have got me going—must spend most of their time Upstairs, for they perform such miracles as you and I can only fall down in amazement at. Rachmaninoff, given a manuscript score, would set it on the piano and play it exquisitely. Twenty years later, asked if he had seen the score, he could go to the piano and reproduce it to perfection. Hofmann, taking the train from New York to Philadelphia one day when he was to give a recital in Philadelphia, was accompanied by a friend who said he had a curiosity in his briefcase, a newly discovered manuscript of Franz Liszt. Hofmann asked to see it, looked through it, said it was interesting, and handed it back. That evening the recital went well, as always. At one point in the string of encores Hofmann regained the stage, smiled a strange smile at his traveling companion, and sat down and performed the piece whose manuscript score he had glanced at on the train that afternoon.




But those are stories of others, and we do not know if they are true. I can tell you about my very own Entertainment Committee. I was writing something about birds recently—oh yes, now it comes back to me, the return of the pewee—and it occurred to me that Thoreau had had something to say about the pewee in *Walden*. There was no great problem in finding that passage. Then something snapped (you can feel it go PING) Upstairs in the recreation hall and I got the message that Emily Dickinson had also had something funny to say about this bird. Oh, really? I asked.

## *The Upstairs Gang*

SILENCE FROM Upstairs, then the notion: Pewee, Phoebe (other name for Pewee), Emily. Apparently Upstairs classifies words not only by alphabetical order and length but also by sound and punning possibilities (an eminent poet has told me that he knows he has a poem going "when the words start playing with each other"). Something told me that Emily didn't do this in her poems but did mention the phoebe in her correspondence, and something told me that she didn't do it early in the game. I got up, walked to the far wall of the library, and took down volume three of the collected letters of Emily Dickinson. I opened it at hazard to page 774 and found the punning reference to "Fee Bee," and the rest is history. But —please get this—I had not read that book but once, and then only shortly after it was published, in 1958. The Upstairs Gang liked it a lot, I suppose, and so tucked it away, shooting messages to the various synapses in charge of Emily, Phoebe, Pewee, spring, bird-

*(Continues on page 53)*



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# UNESCO CALLED TO ACCOUNT

When the United States withdrew from UNESCO at the end of last year, many Western Europeans believed the American move would shock the organization into changing its leftist policies. So far nothing of the sort has happened. In the early months of 1985, UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization—continued to plot a course that headed steadily to the left. Nothing has been done, for example, to halt UNESCO's program for government control of news organizations. Matters came to a head in mid-April when Gérard Bollo, UNESCO's deputy director general and chief spokesman, announced his resignation because efforts to change the organization's policies and administrative practices were moving too slowly. But despite this vote of no confidence from one of UNESCO's own, Western Europe is far from united in regard to the organization.

Britain has informed UNESCO that it will be leaving at the end of the year unless certain policy changes have been adopted by then. The Netherlands and Belgium have expressed their dissatisfaction to Amadou Mahtar M'Bow, the Senegalese director general of the organization, but they haven't threatened to withdraw. West Germany has taken much the same position.

The Germans, one must bear in mind, are a traumatized people. They still feel shunned by a large part of humanity; consequently, they cling to any organization with a global character, no matter what it costs them. (This also applies to another organization, the World Council of Churches, which is notorious for its support of terrorism.)

This doesn't mean that there isn't any criticism of UNESCO in Germany. There certainly is, and it comes largely from educators and parents' organizations that have belatedly learned of the influence UNESCO has had on the philosophy of teaching within the ministries of education of the various *Länder*, the "states" of the Federal Republic. (In matters of education, each of the *Länder* has full autonomy.) Each *Land* is ruled by its own party coalition, and if such a coalition is leftist, it will frequently carry out leftist "reforms" that adhere to UNESCO guidelines. When the reforms are questioned, their proponents have a ready reply: "We are not influenced by party ideology; we are merely following the advice of a world organization."

Sex education in the schools is one area of popular dissent, since it is non-spiritual and its results are often negative. Most Europeans regard religion as one of the decisive differences between man and beast, but UNESCO, I scarcely need mention, doesn't care for religion.

Of all the countries of Western Europe, France is undoubtedly the firmest supporter of UNESCO. First of all, the Socialist government of François Mitterrand is naturally sympathetic to the organization. But a far more basic reason is that UNESCO has its headquarters in Paris, and its staff is big and big-spending, from M. M'Bow on down. (He has six official automobiles.) UNESCO's 1984 budget was just under $200 million—and about 80 per cent of that was spent in Paris. This helps explain why France so generously gave the organization $2 million to compensate, in a small way, for the American departure. When it was a member, the United States paid 25 per cent of UNESCO's budget, an annual contribution of roughly $50 million. (The Soviet share is 12 per cent.)

But whatever financial reasons France has to keep UNESCO going, it must also be wary of it. Of the 47 KGB officers expelled by the Mitterrand government in 1982, 12 were employed by UNESCO. Nine were members of the Soviet delegation, and three were on M. M'Bow's own staff.

Why is UNESCO such a failure? There are two reasons. The first derives from the same handicap that plagues all organizations that operate under the rules of parliamentary law. Harold Laski, the British socialist, said a parliament can function only if there are but two parties and—herein lies UNESCO's problem—if those two parties share a common framework, a common philosophy. In that case they can have a fruitful dialogue and can reach compromises in good conscience. But that cannot be said of all the countries represented in UNESCO. Many of them have different philosophies, convictions, traditions, and ideologies. Genuine consent is therefore out of the question.

The next reason has to do with the leftist outlook of UNESCO. UNESCO, like the UN as a whole, has a multitude of "emerging" nations among its members, few of which have any real grasp of history. They really believe that socialism is an up-to-date political theory, that the USSR is the epitome of progress, that feminism will triumph, that atheism means emancipation, that democracy is an end in itself. According to the UNESCO gospel, we should educate our children (if any) for a future (if any) through "self-realization" in total liberty within a socialist framework.

UNESCO's spirit is, unfortunately, the spirit of our age. Or was until recently. The counter-revolution is slowly gaining ground. And if M. M'Bow and his associates refuse to accept the reforms the United States and other Western nations insist on, more and more nations will follow America's lead and give up their UNESCO membership. If that happens, the Soviet Union and its satellites and Third World allies will be left in possession of an organization that has lost whatever international clout it once had. □



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# THE STRUCTURE OF PSEUDO-THOUGHT

**Joseph Sobran**

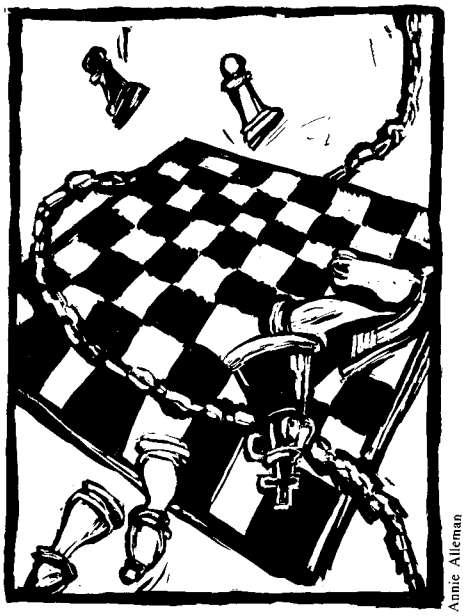
*Alien Powers: The Pure Theory of Ideology, by Kenneth Minogue (St. Martin's, 255 pp., $27.50)*

THE WORD "ideology" has suffered so much abuse that it has become little more than a *term* of abuse. I have principles, you have an ideology. Kenneth Minogue tries to restore a useful clarity in *Alien Powers: The Pure Theory of Ideology.*

As Minogue sees it, Karl Marx invented ideology in the modern sense. The Enlightenment had bequeathed a double tradition of social and political theorizing. On the one hand, idealistic reformers sought to organize society rationally. On the other, economists were fascinated by the way society took shape from the unintended consequences of numberless spontaneous human actions. Marx brought these two styles of thought together in a radically new way.

Not only social forms but ideas themselves were, for Marx, by-products of economic interests. Minogue is far from the first to point out the inherent difficulty with this theory: "The proposition 'material conditions determine ideas' is itself an idea." If it is itself only a part of the process, how can "scientific socialism" be a comprehensive account of the process?

From the beginning Marxism has been intellectually vitiated but rhetorically enabled by its ambiguous status as a science. It purports to explain man's alienation exclusively in terms of impersonal economic structures, yet its power to move its votaries comes from its fiery moral animus against "capitalism." Against the politician it claims the authority of an academic discipline, while it scorns theoretical rivals for lacking its own political engagement and sophistication. Even as it lays claim to being a science, it has invested charismatic authority in a series of leaders, beginning with Marx himself, who have excommunicated heretics, including dissident Marxists, with verbal and often physical violence.



Annie Alleman

Minogue sees these paradoxes not as hitches in Marxist ideology but as part of its essence. He defines an ideology as "any doctrine which presents the hidden and saving truth about the evils of the world in the form of social analysis." He adds: "It is a feature of all such doctrines to incorporate a theory of the mistakes of everyone else."

The "ideologist"—Marxist, feminist, nationalist, racist—interprets the world holistically as a field of power, divided between oppressors and oppressed. The oppressors typically mask their oppression with "mystifications" that fool themselves as well as their victims. The key to "liberation" is to realize that this is the situation.

Thus the worker under capitalism is dominated by "alien powers" that give him an illusory sense of freedom. The illusion is part of his enslavement: Even his mind is in bondage. "Consciousness raising" is the process of teaching the oppressed to know their true condition. The worker is taught that the vote he enjoys is only a device for keeping him tame; the feminist learns that the man who lights her cigarette is only practicing an insidious form of male domination; the colonial native discovers that those who "civilize" him are actually robbing him of his cultural identity.

So ideology of all kinds has a heads-I-win/tails-you-lose structure of systematic cynicism. It makes a total assault on appearances. Where it manages to find evident confirmation of the charge of oppression (e.g., in cases of racial discrimination), it insists that the part epitomizes the whole; where it encounters apparent refutation, it posits hypocrisy and deception. The more benign the social surface, the deeper the corruption. Ideologists since Marx have positively gloried in making sweeping charges that seem to contradict our normal understanding ("false consciousness"). Herbert Marcuse's theory of "repressive tolerance" is a typical ideological ploy.

Ideology is unfalsifiable. Everything can be used to confirm it. "It purports to explain experience," Minogue observes; "but it has a head start because it also determines what is to count as experience." Those who reject the ideology merely reveal themselves to be "apologists for the status quo," part of the structure of oppression. They don't deserve to be refuted; in practice, they are cursed and, if it is feasible, exterminated. Minogue contends that Marx's

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*David Brooks, an* NR *staffer, is working on a book about discipline in the high schools.*

*John Greenway, an anthropologist and the author of many books, is a connoisseur of film, particularly the Australian variety.*

*William Murchison is associate editor of the* Dallas Morning News.



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## RANDOM NOTES

☐ More April Titles: David Butler's *The Fall of Saigon: Scenes from the Sudden End of a Long War* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95) is a fascinating narrative by a former NBC correspondent based in Saigon. . . . In *Grenada: An Eyewitness Account of the U.S. Invasion and the Caribbean History That Provoked It* (Dodd, Mead, $14.95), Hugh O'Shaughnessy, a Latin American correspondent for the British *Observer* and *Financial Times* who was one of two foreign reporters on hand to watch the Marines' seizure of St. George's, argues that the U.S. was to blame for the sympathy between the Bishop government and Cuba, that most of the Cubans on the island were civilians engaged in a nonmilitary construction project, and that the American action was both illegal and unnecessary.

*The Kindness of Strangers: The Life of Tennessee Williams* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $19.95), by Donald Spoto, is a readable biography uncoiling the unhappy life of the playwright from his torturous early family life.

☐ More May Titles: Robert H. Ferrell's *Woodrow Wilson and World War I: 1917-1921* (Harper & Row, $19.95) is a stimulating history of President Wilson's second Administration, casting light on the character and accomplishments of the officials with whom he surrounded himself and concluding that Wilson, having "perversely insisted on losing the fight" for the League of Nations, made a place for himself in history as "the Great Architect of World War II."

In *Mailer: His Life and Times* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), Peter Manso has produced a very large book in which a staggering number of interview accounts have been overlaid, the effect being rather like that of having two hundred tape recorders switched on simultaneously. . . . *Balanchine's Tchaikovsky: Interviews with George Balanchine* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), by Solomon Volkov, translated by Antonina W. Bouis, is an interesting volume that proceeds far beyond the choreographer's thoughts on the composer and his work.

☐ Coming in June: *The Bloody Road to Panmunjom* (Stein & Day, $18.95), by Edwin P. Hoyt, concludes the author's solid trilogy depicting the military history of the Korean War. —CW

personal intolerance was no idiosyncrasy but an expression of the very nature of the kind of doctrine he promulgated.

Understood this way, ideology has the character of occult revelation. It has neither kinship nor continuity with ordinary forms of thought. The ideological guru talks about "science," but jealously claims what Minogue terms "proprietorship of the revelation." There can be no question of tolerance, discussion, democracy, or any sort of genuine politics at all. The ideologist in the academy can coexist only in an uneasy way with traditional academic disciplines; his peers may tolerate him, on their principles, but the structure of his ideas means that theirs can have no real validity. He is only biding his time until he achieves a monopoly; that is, the total power he demands.

Power is the key. Because ideology is preoccupied with power, and is in fact a device for getting power—total, irrevocable power—it baffles and disarms the mass of people who are accustomed to thinking of politics as the pursuit of interests within a framework of rule-bound competition (which Minogue helpfully distinguishes from the total conflict the ideologist sees everywhere) or to thinking of intellectual life as a disinterested pursuit of truth. The Western "bourgeois" mentality innocently confers a presumption of innocence on its mortal enemy. Marxism takes its place as one more abstract "idea" in the marketplace.

But, as André Malraux remarked, knocking over the chessboard is not a move in chess. Minogue argues that ideology deserves to be understood as it insists on understanding rival ideas: as a device for achieving domination. By its nature it is "a technology of social destruction" and "a dagger pointing to the heart of modern Western civilization." What is frightening is that the very features that make it incoherent make it potent. It is immune to disproof. And it is murderous.

No short summary can convey the insights that thicken Minogue's pages or the cheering moral humor that makes him a pleasure to read even in his most abstruse moments. He has a gift for irony, epigram, and colorful phrase. How many books of political theory excite both admiration and laughter? To read *Alien Powers* is to sit by the warm hearth of civilization, enjoying the virtues of what is being defended.

Valuable as *Alien Powers* is, it indirectly draws attention to a missing link between civilization and ideology: those many liberals who never formally subscribe to ideology *in toto*, but who always seem to be on hand to plead guilty on our behalf to each of the ideologist's accusations. They might be described as negative ideologues, since their program gradually and inevitably, by piecemeal surrenders, takes on the contours of the attacking doctrines. For them, the Communist, the feminist, and every other liberationist always seem to have a point; without them, ideology would pose few problems for us. ☐

## GOOD NEWS BLUES

### William Murchison

*The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong, by Ben J. Wattenberg (Simon & Schuster, 431 pp., $17.95)*

Got that tired, run-down feeling? Can't sleep nights for fretting over the economy, the environment, the population explosion, poverty, immigration, crime, women's rights, you name it? Meet the rest of your fellow Americans—collective sufferers, says Ben J. Wattenberg, from the Bad News Blues. Which malady Wattenberg traces to the anopheles mosquitoes of the media, ever abuzz with negative reporting and chilling analysis.

Considered as a literary enterprise, Wattenberg's latest book is overlong, sometimes overfacile, and too heavily larded with statistics, poll results, etc. Considered as a level-headed look at a major social problem—media negativism and the baneful consequences thereof—the book is an event of sorts. Wattenberg, centrist Democrat, congenital optimist, and currently senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, spent the wretched Seventies challenging regnant assumptions about the folly/banality/iniquity of American society. Here he goes again.

*The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong*: a fully explanatory title. The news *is* wrong; America *isn't* going to the hot place. On the contrary, income is up and poverty down; the quality of life is better. "Our population is not exploding, and resources are not disappearing. We have not abandoned nature. We are not a bunch of crass slobs with bad taste, or if we are, we like what we like, and it is not harming us." Wattenberg documents these assertions with figures, figures, figures.

However gloomy the subject, though,



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# Cuba sí! Yanqui no! Buckley definitely!

President John F. Kennedy listens to the secret proposal and approves *Proyecto Caimán*: Operation Alligator. Can anyone tread the deadly, delicate waters of diplomacy between Cuba and the United States (on what turns out to be the eve of the Cuban Missile Crisis) better than Blackford Oakes? He is JFK's personal choice—and co-star—in this, the latest in one of the most acclaimed series in espionage fiction.

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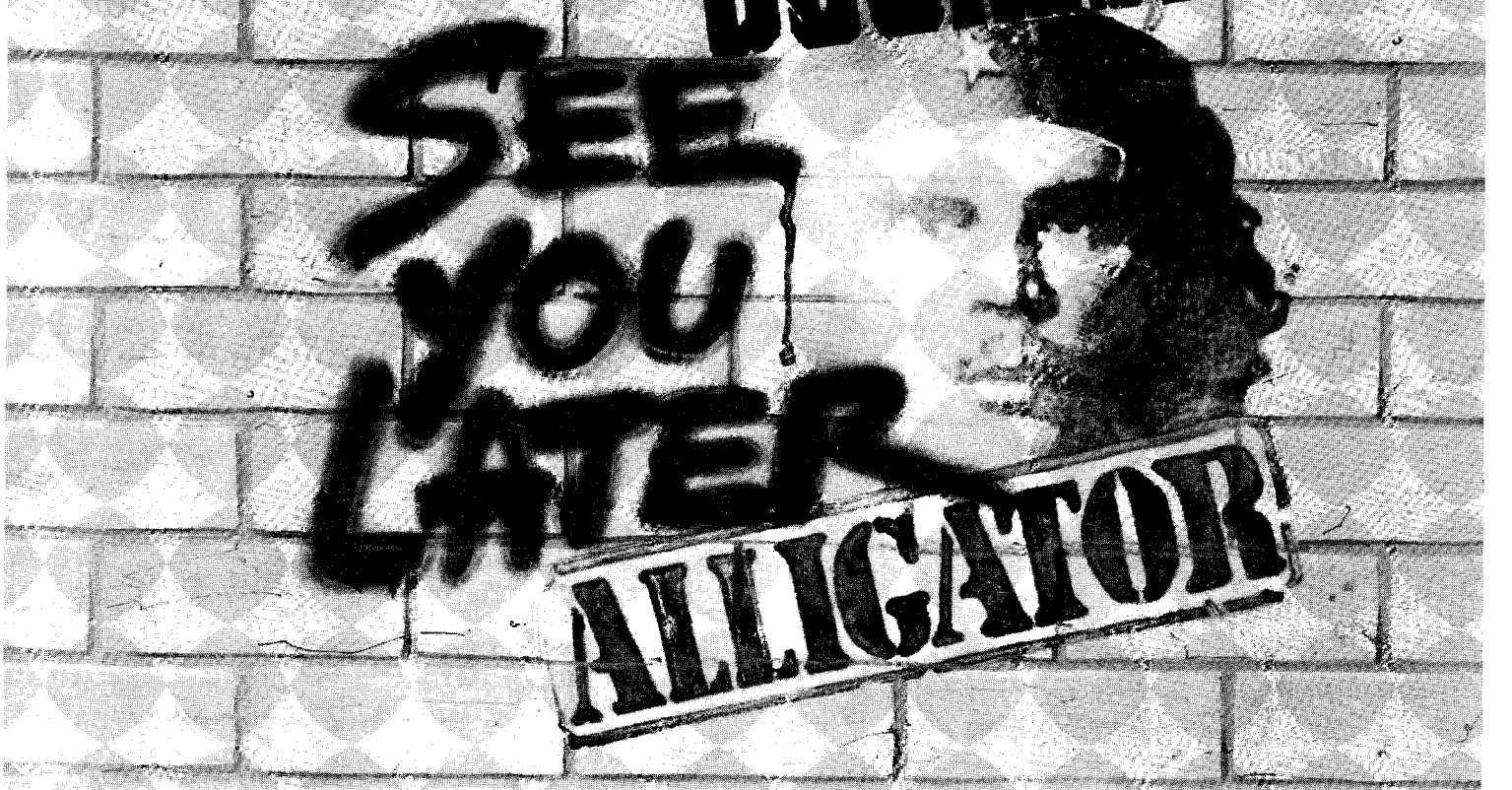


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cheerfulness is always breaking in. Here and there I think Wattenberg overdoes it. Still, you have to remember what he is up against—namely, the media's Bad News Bias. The media, he says, reason thus: 1) Bad news is big news. 2) Good news is no news. 3) Good news is bad news.

The media in general spread bad news, but television spreads it most graphically and zestfully of all. The camera is the culprit—hungry for violence, confrontation, and suffering. The thesis is not precisely garden-fresh, but Wattenberg makes it arresting by demonstrating how vast is the gap between television and reality.

Take unemployment. "The people they show us on television always seem to have been out of work for a year or two. But is unemployment in America long-term? Not typically. The *median* duration at the depth of the recent recession was 10.1 weeks, about two and a half months. The *average* duration was 18 weeks, about four months." How come television never told us this?

How come it never told us either that "among married-couple families experiencing unemployment, about 80 per cent had at least one family member working, most of them full time"? Neither did we learn from the network news that "the percentage of people *employed* was near a historic high." None of this suited the television news people's transparent purpose, which was to scare the bejesus out of the ordinary Reagan voter.

The consequences of this sort of thing? These go beyond influencing particular elections, as happened in 1982. What if, against our better judgment, we swallow the media's formulations about modern society? May not bad, and incorrect, economic news yield *genuine* bad news? May not perpetual government scandals alienate the governed from the governors? May not the invisibility—to American TV—of Soviet atrocities in Afghanistan, together with the high visibility of Western troops in hot-spots like Lebanon, warp public understanding of the stakes in the U.S.-Soviet "rivalry"? Wattenberg, muting for once his optimism, suggests that the answers are yes, yes, and yes—although the viewers aren't completely naïve. Witness how "The press is being hassled, and is worrying about the situation."

This is quite true. I can wish only

that Wattenberg had dwelled longer on this, his final point—but, by the time he comes to it, it's page 403, about time to quit. The media indeed are in a sweat over public perceptions of their conduct: all the more so since the *Time*-Sharon decision. Souls are being searched and hard questions asked; not often enough, but more often than seemed likely five or ten years ago. Out of which something good could yet come.

*The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong* is a much more serious book than Wattenberg's wham-bam-zowie writing style might suggest. The problem that Wattenberg addresses is as real as he says it is. An optimistic President has for the moment put the doomsayers in their place, but that in no way solves the fundamental problem they pose. As Jeane Kirkpatrick says in a dust-jacket blurb of singular perceptiveness: "We must learn to bear the truth about our society, no matter how pleasant it may be." □

# THE FACTS, MA'AM, JUST THE FACTS

## David Brooks

*Challenges to the Humanities, edited by Chester Finn, Diane Ravitch, and P. Holley Roberts, with an epilogue by William J. Bennett (Holmes & Meier, 222 pp., $25.50)*

MOST ACADEMIC disciplines were born as philosophy and now seem to be marching toward physics. The humanities are the disciplines that have been left behind by the exodus to number crunching, hypothesis testing, and disk driving. The humanities emphasize the old: old methods, old books, old ideas, or—as history—old events. They are being de-emphasized in schools by educators who want to keep up with the new. This collection of essays is meant to justify these hoary studies to the modern world. The essays are heartfelt, but vague. The authors are certain that the humanities are still crucial, but they don't seem to know why.

The root of the problem is that they don't know what the humanities are. The authors tend to define the humanities in the negative: The humanities are not the social sciences, the "hard" sciences, the computer sciences, or anything involving math (only a small section of history is still in the humanities), but neither are they the English department's courses on science fiction, or the life-adjustment courses in the history department. All of the essayists say that we should teach the humanities, but none ventures to tell us exactly what should be taught. None is willing to stick his neck out and say, "No one should be permitted to graduate from high school without having read Publius, or without having studied the Russian Revolution." Rather, they say, "We must have better English courses, and more history."

There are two important arguments that the essayists use again and again to justify the humanities in today's schools. The first, as stated by Paul Gagnon, is that in a world where careers change quickly, people need broad skills: "The flexibility of individual workers and of the workforce as a whole is enhanced by 'generic training,' that is, universal schooling for high levels of literacy, numeracy, and communication skills." The second, summarized by Joel Kupperman, is: "The humanities provide an effective mechanism for students to gain important insights into values."

But neither of these arguments justifies a curriculum involving great literature or history. If all one wants to teach is reading and communication skills, why teach anything besides the newspapers and inter-office memos, which are the commonest forms of communication nowadays? If one wants to raise questions about values, why not use those teen encounter-group "Value Worksheets," which address teen value problems directly?

When Patrick Welsh (one of the contributors) teaches *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to his high-school students, he tries to make it relevant to their lives:

> We discussed Stephen's decision to be an artist rather than a priest in terms of



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their own decisions about what colleges to attend and what fields to major in. We compared the fear Stephen felt about leaving his family and country to the anxiety they feel about graduating and going off to college.

In other words, to teach this old novel it was necessary for the teacher to change it to make it seem relevant to the new. In order to teach values and communication processes, teachers feel they must declassicize the classics.

Defining themselves in opposition to the classics, advocates of the humanities tend to see themselves as interpreters of the squishy things—values and perceptions—while scientists are concerned with the hard things—facts and numbers. But the humanities have their own facts. History is not just lessons and interpretations, it is facts. One of the essays in this book acknowledges this, and, implicitly, its argument leads to a persuasive justification of the humanities in modern schools.

E. D. Hirsch gave some college students an essay about friendship and, later, asked them to summarize it. They remembered it pretty well. Then he gave them an essay comparing Robert E. Lee with U. S. Grant. The students had gone through public schools and thus knew nothing about the two generals. When they were asked to summarize the second essay, it was as if they had never read it. Next, Hirsch took a chess set and made several moves. He asked chess experts and chess novices to reproduce the moves. The experts could do it easily, but the novices could not. Then he arranged the pieces in a formation that could never occur during a chess game, moved some pieces, and asked experts and novices to reproduce the moves. This time, neither experts nor novices could do so. By these and other exercises, Hirsch demonstrated something that all of us know intuitively: When we come across information on a topic on which we are already well informed, we absorb that information easily, and remember it. When we come across information on a topic about which we know practically nothing, the information slides quickly from our minds.

From this, Hirsch identified a skill, cultural literacy, defined as knowing enough about enough subjects so that when you read a newspaper or listen to a speech you understand what is being reported, and then remember it. For example, if you don't know what I


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mean when I write "The Great Books," you are not culturally literate enough to read this book review.

Next, Hirsch delineates a principle that persuasively refutes the two arguments that his colleagues use to justify the humanities. His principle is that knowledge is not transferable. If you learn how to dissect *Critique of Pure Reason*, it will not help you dissect a Soviet foreign-policy statement:

> Recent work has shown that every acquired skill is knowledge-based and task-specific and cannot be transferred to a substantially different task. This means that there is no substitute in education for the specific background information I have been calling cultural literacy.

In other words, the reason Welsh's kids can't understand a Joyce novel unless it is bastardized to their culture is that they've never been taught the facts about Joyce's culture. Similarly, a person can't understand a newspaper story about Gorbachev unless he knows the facts about Czarism, Marxism, and the Russian Revolution. The culturally illiterate person will transpose Gorbachev to his familiar American culture and will ascribe to him familiar American characteristics.

At least, Hirsch provides an interesting challenge to the easygoing culture-vulturism of some of his co-contributors. At best, he offers an argument that both defines and justifies the humanities in the classroom: The humanities teach the facts (and thus, the values) required for broad cultural literacy. The facts allow students to appreciate the differences between cultures and eras. Ignorance of the facts means that the student must squeeze all literature and all history into his own small world. □

# ALLEN GINSBERG, POET

## Jeffrey Hart

*Collected Poems 1947-1980, by Allen Ginsberg (Harper & Row, 837 pp., $27.50)*

It is my impression that Allen Ginsberg is, if not exactly underrated, at least taken for granted—not really *seen* as a poet, which is much the same thing. People believe they know him and his work when they have not read much of it, or really paid attention to it. There is a tendency to consign him to a particular cultural moment—the late 1950s and the early to mid 1960s, when the Beat writers emerged, followed by the developing mass counterculture; and it has to be said that Ginsberg himself, by the cultivation of his public persona, is to some degree responsible for that identification. However, the fact of the matter is that Ginsberg is a remarkable poet, who has written some of the best poetry of our time. The present volume arrives, therefore, at an auspicious moment, and is bound to produce a general reassessment of his work.

Allen Ginsberg first came to general attention in 1956 with *Howl*, followed in 1961 by the still more powerful *Kaddish*, both published as pamphlets by the City Lights bookstore in San Francisco. Both books had a major impact on younger readers and writers, and to understand this—apart from the intrinsic quality of the poetry—one must recall the literary situation at the time.

For young writers, and even for younger teachers and critics, the High Modernists who had emerged during the early decades of the twentieth century were almost literally godlike. Think of Hugh Kenner's book *The Pound Era*: Yeats, Eliot, Stevens, Pound, Joyce, Proust, Mann—these writers seemed to transcend ordinary humanity. They were on every university's syllabus. They seemed implausibly learned. The array of literary techniques each of them deployed was breathtaking, and they seemed to be philosophically profound, the keepers of the mysteries of the ages. *Ulysses* and—migod—*Finnegans Wake*. *The Waste Land*. The *Cantos* (brush up, please, on your Chinese and your medieval Latin). *The Magic Mountain*. Proust and his cookie. "Sailing to Byzantium." High Modernism did not seem to be literature, but rather sacred text. If this was writing, then how could anyone possibly write?

It was in this context that Allen Ginsberg, seconded by several of the writers associated with him, such as Jack Kerouac and Gregory Corso, did a remarkable thing. They wrote, they just did it, often magnificently; and by doing so they made writing seem possible again.

Ginsberg rescued us from the power of High Modernism by appealing to the alternative and no less sophisticated tradition of Whitman, the Song of the Self; an appeal that succeeded because Ginsberg is a great writer. Even minor Ginsberg is memorable, as in his 1958 *jeu d'esprit* about Lionel Trilling, a professor of his at Columbia. The poem is called "The Lion for Real," the conceit being, "I came home and found a lion in my living room. . . . He didn't eat me." Trilling could have that effect on a student. There are many poems in the relaxed vein of a 1957 poem entitled "Wrote This Last Night":

> *Listen to the tale of the sensitive car*
> *who was coughed up out of earth in*
> *Pittsburgh.*
>
> *She screamed like a Swedish Prime*
> *Minister*
> *on her first flight down the red neon*
> *highway.*

I don't know whether Tage Erlander screamed a lot, but it's a good line anyway.

But then there is major Ginsberg, as in *Kaddish*, the word designating the Jewish lament for the beloved dead, in this case Ginsberg's mother. In my

Annie Alleman



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opinion *Kaddish* is one of the finest pieces of writing in American literature, the Jewish sensibility fused with the Whitmanesque:

*Strange now to think of you, gone without corsets & eyes while I walk on the sunny pavement of Greenwich Village.*

*downtown Manhattan, clear winter noon, and I've been up all night, talking, talking, reading the Kaddish aloud, listening to Ray Charles blues shout blind on the phonograph*

*the rhythm the rhythm—and your memory in my head three years after—And read Adonais' last triumphant stanzas aloud—wept, realizing how we suffer—*

Naomi Ginsberg, mentally ill much of the time, is the tormented muse behind the poetry. She died in 1956, the year—not coincidentally, I suppose—of *Howl*.

Time will tell how the poetry stands up, but in my judgment, as I say, *Kaddish* is a great poem, right up there with "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." And *Kaddish* is specifically a great *American* poem—even a great Columbia poem—with its incorporation of Shelley's "Adonais," the elegy on Keats, which Ginsberg undoubtedly encountered in Lionel Trilling's course on the Romantics.

Along with his poetic development, Ginsberg has also undergone a marked religious development, foreshadowed in the earliest poems. From the start he has been God-hungry, even ravenous for the divine. From *Kaddish*:

*sighing, screaming with it, buying and selling pieces of phantom, worshipping each other,*

*worshipping the God included in it all—longing or inevitability?—while it lasts, a Vision—anything more?*

*It leaps about me, as I go out and walk the street, look back over my shoulder, Seventh Avenue, the battlements of window office buildings shouldering each other high, under a cloud, tall as the sky and instant—and the sky above—an old blue place.*

*or down the Avenue to the south, to—as I walk to the Lower East Side—where you walked 50 years ago, little girl—from Russia. . . .*

Naomi is Ginsberg's Beatrice, lower Manhattan his Florence. In the later poetry, much of it splendid, the God-hunger/Naomi-passion turns Eastward and we get the Buddhist Ginsberg. Whitman would not have been surprised, and neither would Eliot. *Shantih.*

We needed this *Collected Poems*, which comes at the right time. Ginsberg's successive volumes have appeared in paperback editions from non-mainstream publishers, and many of them have been hard to come by. The present volume shows the scale of his achievement and makes the entire sequence through 1980 available. Pulitzer Prize people, please take notice. □

# CATECHISM AND CRITICISM

## John Greenway

*Movies on TV—The 1985 Edition, by Steven H. Scheuer (Bantam Books, 780 pp., $4.95)*

WHAT MERCY can be shown an arbiter of motion pictures who reviews the same film twice, with different star ratings and critical analyses for each (*French Cancan* and *Only the French Can*; *Strangers* and *Voyage to Italy*); whose knowledge of English linguistics is so poor that he thinks ffolkes is clearly not pronounceable; and who tells his audience that this new book has "all the legendary films—from recent box-office smashes like *Raiders of the Lost Ark* to timeless classics like *Gone with the Wind*"—when in fact he lists no films from 1985, none from 1984, and only a smattering from 1983 and 1982?

What is there to say in commendation of a reviewer who calls *Gone with the Wind* "a timeless classic," when a close study of his book reveals two thousand other films rated above *Gone with the Wind*—including *No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger*, *The Trial of Alger Hiss*, *Angela Davis: The Web*, and *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*?

How is such a man serving the American public by recommending Soviet and other Communist-nation motion pictures, when they cannot be seen except in surreptitious Greenwich Village art houses—and who makes room for them in his book by dropping pictures like *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Maytime*, *To Catch a Thief*, *The Great McGinty*, *Magnificent Obsession*, and Fred Astaire's *Silk Stockings*—the latter because "its anti-Soviet propaganda [is] coarse and intrusive"?

On this evidence alone one can say that Scheuer is biased, prejudiced, incompetent, careless, ignorant, and a dangerously far-left propagandist, which is quite an accomplishment for three paragraphs of evidence. But there is much more, some examples of which I am saving to use as a lethal shot if he is so much a fool as to contest what I write. However, one does not need to eat the whole of an egg to know it is rotten.

What grade would you give a student in even Dumbbell English who reviewed *Lost Horizon* with four misspellings, one mixed metaphor, and four errors of fact? And what of a reviewer's critical ability who sees the theme of *Rashomon* as "all human beings are naturally liars," when the real meaning is that there is good inherent in man? How can one write about *The Bedford Incident* without saying that it is by far the best film on the *Moby Dick* story ever made? How can one believe that "the greatest film of all time" is the Russian *Potemkin*, which has only one good scene?

Scheuer is also, as one may suspect from these examples, at times careless, as when he rates the 1974 film of *The Red Badge of Courage* higher than the 1951 version, though he writes "it is not as good as the '51 version." And he is a bleeding-heart, giving the five most characteristic pictures featuring Charles Bronson and Clint Eastwood ratings from "abysmal" to "poor." It is good to note that one of these films, *The Enforcer*, was shown on network television for the seventh time on March 10. One suspects that it did not please Scheuer overmuch, but for Bernhard Goetz and myself, it made our day.

Although I have seen many hundreds of motion pictures, and remember them well, since my father and uncle took me to see *The Gold Rush* in Philadelphia's Leader Theater in 1926, I cannot say for certain whether Scheuer is a genetic case or a willful villain. He may be both; for instance, in the first words of his preface, sloppily written in 1983 [*sic*], he says that this "updated, revised, and expanded reference work includes over one thousand new film reviews." This is a pal-



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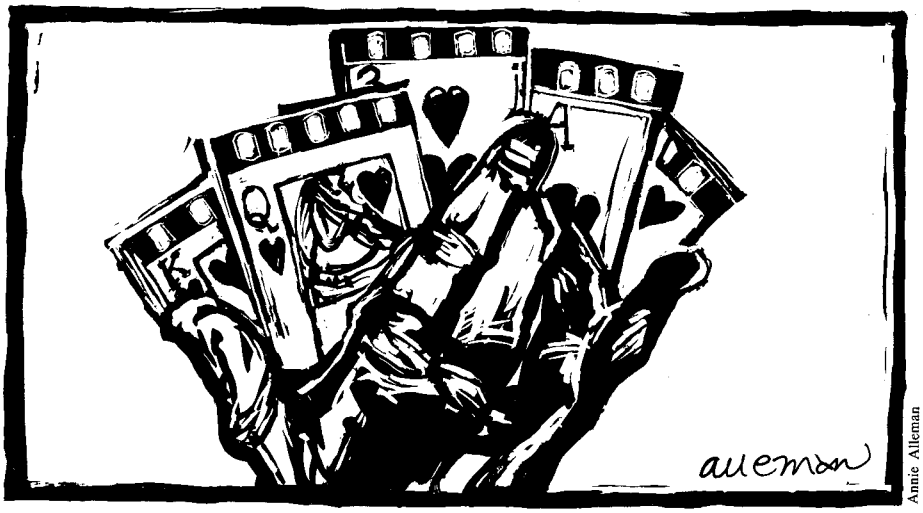
pable lie and one that he has carried since his 1969-1970 edition.

He goes on here to scribble six pages of squit on movie evolution to justify his revisions. If he compared movies from different periods at all, even he could see that 1939 was the zenith of the genre, with *Dark Victory*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *The Rains Came*, *Love Affair*, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Of Mice and Men*, *Stagecoach*, *Ninotchka*, *On Borrowed Time*, *Juarez*, *Beau Geste*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and *Gone with the Wind*. See the new pictures and understand that there is a Gresham's Law for motion pictures, too. Scheuer is surely going in the wrong direction when he "updates" his rating of the original *Dracula* from three stars to two and a half.

But why should film criticism ever be "updated" and "revised"? Criticism is an ever-fixed mark that is never shaken; it does not alter when it alteration finds.

And above all, criticism should never descend to being mean and base, Scheuer's favorite mode. See for instance his review of *Knute Rockne—All American*, in which he says "Ronald Reagan shows off his swift movements in this one, long before he started to run for elective office." But why give lessons in criticism to Steven Scheuer? Discussing criticism with him is like discussing catechism with a catfish. □



Annie Alleman

# FILM

## NEAR MISSES

### John Simon

IT IS TOO BAD that in *Lost in America* Albert Brooks is only kidding; all the film needs to be a devastating comedy is a little seriousness. The impossibility of breaking out of the system, the robotization of the career-oriented, upwardly mobile middle-class couple who, even with a shove of fate to nudge them along, cannot start afresh in some spontaneous, grass-roots, laterally mobile way, has powerful seriocomic potential; not for nothing has Preston Sturges's name been invoked in connection with this film. But despite a fine farcical frenzy, acute observation of everyday absurdities, and some wrenchingly comic episodes, the film cannot lift itself into high comedy, even if it towers over whatever else is around.

David Howard (Albert Brooks) is a Los Angeles advertising executive who expects to become vice president on the morrow. He and his wife, Linda (Julie Hagerty), have already made a $15,000 deposit on a $450,000 house; a yacht and a Mercedes are in the offing; and all that keeps him awake tonight is compulsive worrying. All that keeps Linda, a seemingly contented department-store personnel manager, awake is David with his nagging doubts. Small ones, mind you; the next day, he is totally unprepared for the blow of mere transferral to New York and a fancier account—no vice presidency, no immediate raise above the present $100,000, but a supposedly great opportunity to become even more "creative." First flabbergasted, then infuriated, David insults the boss and gets himself fired. He is hysterically exultant, gets Linda to quit, too (in his eagerness for freedom, he can barely be restrained from making love to her on the desk of her glass-walled office), and they both look forward to such neo-Rousseau-ish dreams as "touching Indians." For starters, they're off in their new mobile home, a thirty-foot Winnebago, to Las Vegas to remarry each other at the Silver Bell Chapel; then, supported by their $145,000 nest egg obtained from liquidating their possessions, they will realize David's fantasy of living out—with the minor improvements money can buy—his favorite movie, *Easy Rider*.

But, of course, the Howards are no Easy Riders: A real biker to whom David tenders a thumbs-up salute responds by giving him the finger. And when, at nightfall, they reach the seedy Silver Bell, Linda first wants a honeymoon night at the Desert Inn, complete with a gargantuan double bed in which to eat, watch porno movies on TV, and have sex; then let the new and simpler life begin. David, who depends on Linda as much as she on him for what she has once called a too "controlled," too "responsible" life, reluctantly agrees. At the Desert Inn, disaster first trickles, then hurtles, in. A heavily bribed desk clerk delivers only a "junior bridal suite" with no huge expanse of double bed, merely a pair of heart-shaped twins and a not quite heart-shaped gap between. Soon David is in the hole, for Linda, unbeknown to him, has sneaked out to gamble away their nest egg in a trancelike fury such as only a long-repressed model working wife could muster up. The nest egg is down to $805—not enough shelter to keep the rain off an inchworm.

Although this infantile, atavistic, destructive self-assertion of Linda's is comic enough and makes primitive sense, it is also the first, and perhaps biggest, blow against the film's artistic integrity. To make valid satirical fun of the Howards and the society they suffocate in, *Lost in America* should have made their downfall—or the unviableness of their scheme—hinge on something less capricious, less facilely instantaneous. The nest egg should dwindle away in spite of their best intentions; its evaporation should tell much more about them (us) and their (our) world than that Linda had a rather unprepossessing flaw. Comic comeuppance is



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like coffee: The percolating kind tastes truer than the instant variety.

Still, the film bounces toward its predictable conclusion merrily enough. But just think what could have been done—assuming that money for such a conclusion could have been raised—with an unforegone one. Yet even the present ending could have been arrived at more deviously, more compellingly, less prefabricatedly. There is also something wrong with the very structure and timing of the film: It is too short, and leaps from a rising (or falling) action to a dénouement, skipping the needed climax. Even so, it scores in three distinct ways.

First, there are rich clusters of funny lines in this script by Brooks and Monica Johnson, as when David, no longer able to repress his slow burn at Linda's breaking the nest egg if not the bank, erupts into a conjugal lecture-philippic that forbids her the very use of the term "nest egg" and even its components: Were they to drive through woods, a bird, for her, should be "living in a round stick," and they should be having "*things* over easy for lunch."

Second, there is perfect acting. Brooks has a way of turning manic without becoming over-ridiculous: He stresses the pre- or post-preposterous rather than the merely laugh-getting, as his namesake Mel usually does. Even his looks are neatly balanced between the wholesomely straightforward and the faintly ludicrous—a mite too pudgy, frizzy-haired, beady-eyed. And Julie Hagerty, attractive, sublime in her injured dignity, able to coalesce her wispiness in a twinkling into something sheerly demonic, is also (aptly) too sleek, breathy, and insubstantial, with a touch of Lehmbruckian elongation. The supporting cast is inspiredly chosen from little-known actors; thus the Desert Inn Casino pit boss is played by Garry Marshall, the TV and movie director, with a textured subtlety that does credit both to him and to Brooks, who directed him here. All the players in an almost uninterruptedly hilarious string of vignettes act with something like a rich, untapped vein of comic idiosyncrasy.

Lastly, the film has a visual imagination rare for comedies in this age of television-influenced moviemaking. The gags are always firmly situated within a setting, and often enough the inappropriate or disproportionate setting *is* the gag. At other times, with the help of his cinematographer, Eric Saarinen, Brooks achieves pungent visual effects, as when David's beige Winnebago chases after the red coupe in which the angry Linda has hitched a ride. The road winds around a hillside and we see, in extreme long shot, two miniaturized vehicles zigzagging athwart the screen in seemingly opposite directions. Even this shot, at first only beautiful, has comic reverberations.

CAMILA could have been a shattering tragedy, but settles for being a highly competent melodrama. The third film by Maria Luisa Bemberg, a 62-year-old Argentine who came to movies rather late, it shows talent, finesse, a precise feeling for the medium. But it lacks—probably doesn't even aspire to—profundity. Co-scripted by Miss Bemberg and two others, it is based on a true story. In 1847, under the monstrous Rosas dictatorship, a young woman of the Buenos Aires upper strata, Camila O'Gorman, eloped with her confessor, Father Ladislao Gutierrez, himself from a gubernatorial family. The couple, living as man and wife, fled to the northern provinces, where they ran a small-town school. Discovered, they were jailed and, although the death penalty did not have to be invoked—especially not for Camila, who was pregnant—executed by firing squad largely for special political reasons.

I can give away all this because, though *Camila* does not rise to tragic heights, neither does it mainly depend on suspense. There is an affecting love story here, riveting social and political criticism (the heroine's icily despotic father; the unseen but omnipresent brutal dictator), and there is a relevance to nascent democracy and feminism in today's Argentina. Also, there is the old but perennially fascinating matter of a priest caught between his vocation and love for a woman. Unfortunately, all these issues, and several more, are touched upon with intelligence and incipient artistry, but too lightly and superficially to elicit from me more than empathy: the shudder of terror and enlightenment. True, I lack two crucial answers: How much of the film goes beyond mere factual reportage? and, To what extent was this topic (often proposed for filmization but, except for a sanitized 1912 version, always forbidden hitherto) still subject to certain external restrictions? Thus the irony that the lovers' ultimate martyrdom stems largely from the presumably liberal opposition party's using their case to embarrass the hated dictator, rather than directly from the dictator himself, is hinted at but not fully developed.

The proof of the film's final shortcomings lies, for me, in my not being able to avoid a certain condescension toward these lovers: Why did they stop short of crossing the border to Brazil and safety? One perfunctory reference to exile being worse than death seems insufficient. Why did they not avail themselves of a last-minute escape route the film (whatever the historical truth may have been) offers them? Ladislao's prostration before a crucifix and Camila's accepting this reversion to priesthood without putting up a fight are dramatically inadequate. In real tragedy, there are flaws and failures, but not bungling.

As in most movies, so in this one, the music is overexplanatory and redundant. The acting, on the other hand, is restrained and thoughtful. It might have helped if Susu Pecoraro, the Camila, had had a more poetic face; if Imanol Arias, the Ladislao, had looked a bit less callow. (It is disappointing, moreover, that his voice was dubbed in by another actor.) But the supporting roles are generally flawlessly taken, and nicely underplayed. The cinematography, though a trifle too lyrically deliquescent at times, also has its stark, incisive moments. *Camila* is a well-drawn blueprint for a great romantic, religious, political tragedy; for those who can read blueprints, or are not too demanding, it is also a satisfying dramatic experience. □

# DELECTATIONS

## AVE, FONZINO!

### Nika Hazelton

SINCE ITALY is now our favorite "in" country, its fashions, furnishings, and food having superseded those of France in popularity, I can't help being amazed at how few Americans realize that Italy is actually a modern country, and are disappointed to find that this is so.



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I have talked with many people on the subject, but only a very few of them have figured out that all those wonderful clothes and shoes, the 14-karat-gold jewelry, olive oil, wine, etc., etc. are the products of an industrial society like our own, geared to mass production, and that they could not be produced unless the people were willing to work. The Italy of *mamma mia, addio*, and sentimentally simple songs is gone, and the country has developed a hard, competitive edge.

The number of local TV and radio stations is astounding, since anybody is free to start one if he can get enough local advertising money. Punk rock fills the air. All the favorite American series, like the Fonz's (*Il Fonzino*), are shown, and since TV sets are as much a part of a home's furnishings as the beds, watching TV at meal time is now a part of daily life. Washing machines, blenders, and freezers are taken for granted, even in the deep countryside, in all but the few very poor parts of Italy, such as Naples and, even further south, Calabria and Basilicata. My husband could never get over the fact that in our small Tuscan village the locals all have electric blankets to warm their beds before they get into them on cold nights, though they may be afraid (as I am) to sleep under an electric blanket (you never know with electricity, do you?).

Even in deepest Sicily, the girls wear jeans and the matrons flowered house dresses rather than being shrouded in black, as they were not too long ago. North of Rome, there is little poverty when the people are willing and able to work, as indeed most of them are. The official political situation is chaotic and corrupt, but that is by no means the whole story. When you come to think of it, why *should* Italians trust their government to do right by them, considering the country's fragmented history?

I think that TV—together with the cheap tin-box automobile—has changed Italian life more radically during the last ten to 15 years than a hundred

# THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

In 1980, the U.S. Catholic bishops issued a pastoral letter on Marxist Communism versus the Catholic faith, in which they made the discovery that, although the distance between the two (as between the Western democracies and the Communist regimes) was real, it was nevertheless incumbent upon North America to cooperate with Marxist governments in order to promote "maintenance of world peace and eradication of global poverty." Gratified and encouraged by applause from the right quarters, they proceeded to produce a second pastoral, *The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response*, which, when it was finally released in May 1983, shocked the laity but further consolidated the bishops' growing reputation as concerned public-policy analysts. Currently they are gestating a third pastoral (expected to be released next year), a draft of which appeared last November under the title *Catholic Social Teaching and the U.S. Economy* and promptly became something of a scandal within the American Catholic community. *Challenge and Response: Critiques of the Catholic Bishops' Draft Letter on the U.S. Economy* (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1030 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; $4), edited by Robert Royal and consisting of spirited and, in some cases, nearly incredulous, remarks by Peter L. Berger, Michael Novak, Robert J. Samuelson, Andrew M. Greeley, George F. Will, Charles Krauthammer, Philip F. Lawler, and the Lay Commission of the American Catholic Committee, suggests exactly how much of a scandal it is, and should be. "Traditionally," Lawler remarks, "a pastoral letter is read aloud to the Catholic faithful at Sunday Mass. The new brand of political pastoral aims for an entirely different audience."

As is well known by now, the pastoral draft represents the bishops' belated discovery of every left-of-center indictment hurled at American capitalism over the past 25 years, as well as of every exploded solution to every item in that indictment. Here it all comes again, set forth in the ghostly tones of a hollow morality fit only to drape the resurrected, but unliving, corpses of a generation of infirm ideas whose time is firmly past: the need for a bill of "economic rights," for a commitment by the state to full employment, for "welfare reform" (meaning more of what we've got), for a "North-South Dialogue" (meaning a greater share of the Northern Hemisphere's supposedly ill-gotten wealth for the under-developed countries), and for "Global Affirmative Action."

Understandably, the dominant question, explicit or implicit, in the critiques collected in *Challenge and Response* is: Where have the bishops *been*? Is it a matter, as Lawler suggests, of an "echo chamber"—the congratulations showering upon them "from precisely the groups the bishops have been following"? Or, as George Will suggests after noting that the National Conference of Catholic Bishops is located in Washington, of the bishops' having "reduced themselves to just another reedy voice in the capital's chorus"? Or is it only Andrew Greeley's First Law in operation again: "When others discover a Catholic insight, Catholics have just abandoned it"?

The arguments against the bishops focus on one fact: that recent experience, as well as recent scholarship, has shown that the means demanded by the bishops for eradicating poverty and economic exploitation have actually had the effect of increasing both poverty and exploitation worldwide. Father Greeley alone takes the extra step forward—or rather backward—toward a re-embracement of the classic Catholic theory of the organic society, which stresses pluralism and subsidiarity in the ordering and arrangement of social and governmental institutions. While mentioning these principles, the bishops, Greeley suggests, do not appear really to understand them: "Hence, they are mute on the centralization of monopoly power in American industry [and government, and education, and the professional sphere, and the ecclesiastical one], a problem that one can persuasively argue is at the root of all the other issues to which the bishops address themselves." Far from being "too radical," Greeley believes, the bishops' draft is not radical enough: "Not radical enough because not Catholic enough." The bishops, he complains, have simply failed woefully to devise a *Catholic* perspective on a *national* issue. □



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years of "normal" industrial and social progress. Mass tourism had ravaged the cities even before the potent American dollar denuded the country's shops. Yet, in spite of these negatives, Italy is still the most pleasant country in the world. Where else can you find, all in one place, a genuinely friendly people, a good climate, wonderful works of art, good food, and the positive aspects of modern life, such as good hotels, good roads, and an easy tolerance of outsiders?

In spite of the murderous doings of bombers and kidnappers, Italians are still appalled at the brutality we are apt to take for granted. Italian families still stick together as moral and economic units and—what I personally like best—stand up for the dignity of the individual person. Italians are not sentimental, though they have been sentimentalized by their visitors. *La dolce vita* is no more, but neither are the poverty and other unfortunate conditions that supported it. To see what today's Italy is about, go to a local supermarket there and look at the convenience foods and the frozen-food counters.

I remember being in Rome just after the war, when it was once again possible for civilians to get to Italy from the United States. As I looked at the Allies' jeeps and the Allied soldiers still crowding the streets of the Eternal City, I was struck by the thought that for thousands of years, those scenes had been repeated over and over again. *Déjà vu, déjà vu,* the Romans must have thought, watching as their city was resurrected from the ashes.

HELP! *I am preparing a menu cookbook for Viking publishers, and would greatly appreciate my readers' telling me of their favorite meals or food combinations. In particular, I would like to know some of the ancient and modern, old and* nouvelle *combinations fancied in the Midwest, Southwest, Deep South, and Mountain States. I must stress that I ask this as a personal favor, and that there are no compensations of any kind, other than my gratitude. (No recipes, please—just menus.)*

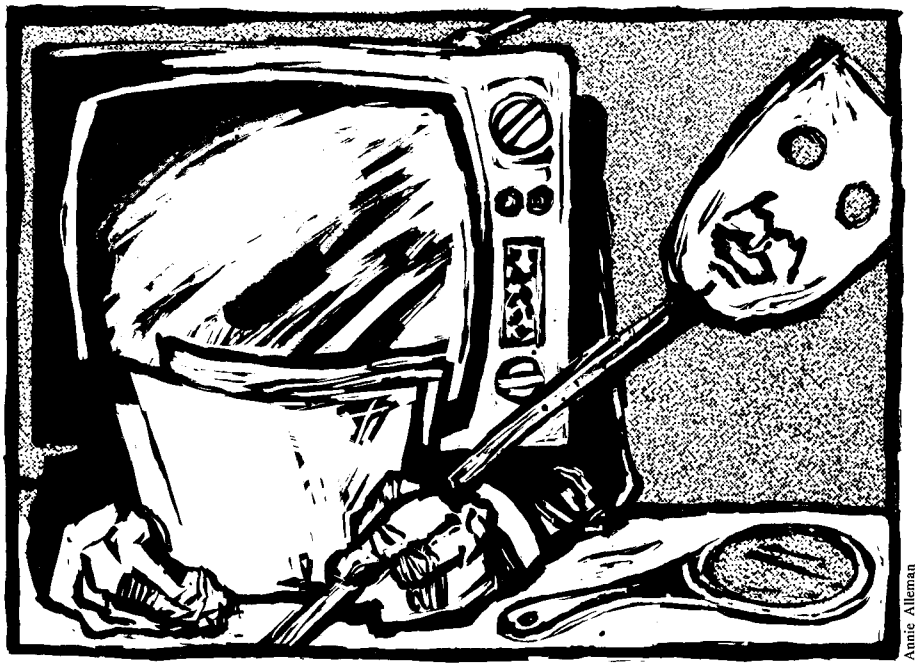
*P.S.: Your incorruptible judges have now chosen the winners of the Great Delectations Contest; a full report on that in my next column.* □

# THE GIMLET EYE

## RATHER BORING

### D. Keith Mano

ANOTHER NEMATODE dining off the fat intestine of world events, Dan Rather is. Believe me, the iron jockey on your front lawn has more native wit and imagination. And Rather, hand him credit, may have known this about himself. So, like a nostril-pierced rock-group roadie, he took service with war, disaster, and daily great men, to draw some residual significance from them. Could be he may even outlast them all, this hanger-on of death and crisis, his personal ember gives off such small heat.



Annie Alleman

Here, at the 92nd Street YMHA, Rather has met with friendly interlocutor Jeff Greenfield in a public dialogue. Extempore, Rather is nervous. He probably had a Teleprompter at his wedding. His handsomeness seems gas-ripened: each feature an ideal library shot, put together in the splicing room. His eternal seriousness worn like some attractive latex scar. Son of a small-town Texas manual laborer, Rather took every available assignment—local reporter, London, Vietnam, White House, Afghanistan—on the CBS corporate upgo to chief news anchor and managing editor. With sincerity that might approximate sordidness. Humble now as only someone earning more than $2 million per year can afford to be.

"Why an anchor?" Greenfield asks.

"I'm not sure," is the under-budget answer. (Typical of his razor-wire insightfulness. When asked how he would define a good discretionary news item, Rather said, "Uh, something special.") He is so eager to confess ignorance and error that it all sounds like a long plea-bargain for his existence. "Fair criticism." "It's one of our major failings." "We have lots to answer for." In fact an anchor functions as a funeral director would: efficient, consoling, colorless, polite. Someone who has been around cataclysm so long he can find its unlisted number. Most of all, humorless—because humor implies not only irreverence, but also self-assertion. While Rather may or may not have a jetport-sized ego, his vanity shows most in the effort to conceal it.

Yes, CBS is afraid of religion. Sure, they're too dependent on visuals. "Yup. TV isn't very good at in-depth coverage. It's hard to picture ideas." Uh-huh, they invade privacy and are callous with the bereaved now and then. Fair criticism again. A comprehensive indictment, freely agreed on. Why then do we allow this hookshop of horrors to sculpt public awareness? Rather can only insist that network coverage is "chaos." But, no, they never consider their influence. No, with more than one hundred possible items to select from each day, who has leisure for power or political slanting? Not CBS men. Well—Greenfield is concerned—



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can Rather set aside time for thought? No, not often. (Yes, and if he did, what would he do with it? I'd rather get my intellectual meditations from Howard the Duck.)

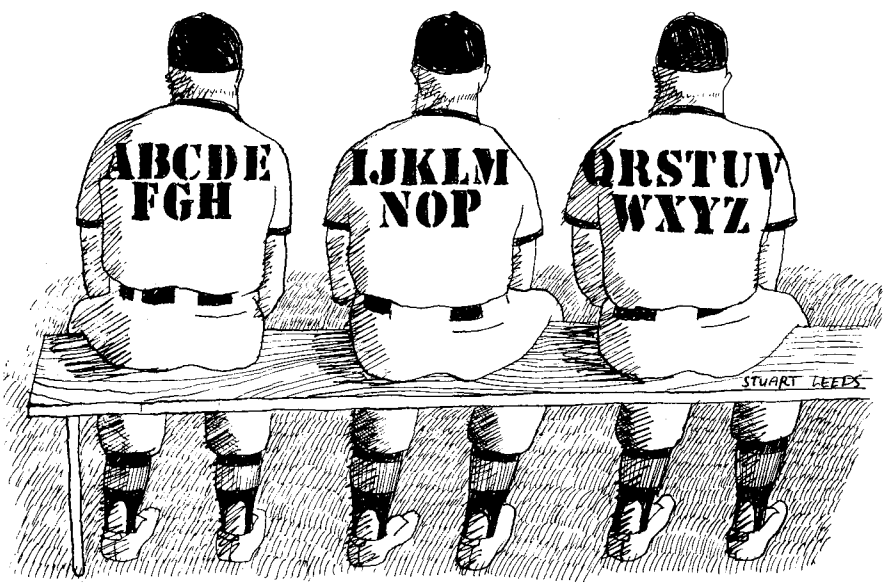
Though network coverage may not be art, let me shunt to this digression. Certainly nothing has enervated Western cultural life today more than the rise and dominance of collaborative art. Books, as serious mass persuasion, are negligible now. Yet nearly all great human insight has been the feverish get of one terrific mind shaping, refining, dancing in isolation. Suppose a John Milton responsive to producer, director, actor, corporate cash, and (through some Nielsen rating for epic song) readership. Look, John, the 14 to 25 crowd won't buy God—and anyhow we've got Tom Selleck under contract for that part. And Lucifer falling—our special-effects people say it'll run over by $200,000. Go with a parachute over Catalina Island instead. Collaboration levels discourse: technology has made collaboration inevitable. Good films and television are most often the result of blind luck. Original, idiosyncratic thought doesn't consumer-test or picture well. Collaborative mass thought must be bland, general, shallow, predictable, vague, and endemic to Dan Rather's mind.

Could there be political bias in the news? Greenfield, a friend personally and ideologically, doesn't inquire. But one audience member complains that Rather is pro-*Reagan*. (Greenfield has said, "This may be the only square block [East Side New York] which Mondale carried.") No, good grief, newsmen are "honest brokers of information." And, no, Rather has never experienced pressure from CBS (such a complete corporate animal wouldn't need much). Rather himself is "fiercely independent." "Any errors" in, for example, Lebanese/Israeli war reportage are "born not of bias, they're born of the nature of the medium." Yet, one-half minute later, he will leak clear liberal prejudice.

"I, frankly, have lost my bearings about what is liberal and what is conservative. For example, conservatives, not too long ago, were people who wanted to conserve the Constitution, including the Bill of Rights. Now I'm asked to believe that some people who call themselves conservatives, who are in office, want five or six constitutional amendments. And not long ago a conservative was one who didn't want to run a strong deficit." Note what Rather has done here. a) Insinuated that conservatism will jeopardize the Bill of Rights. b) Insinuated that an amendment process isn't constitutional. (If not, whence his precious Bill of Rights? He'd rather bend fundamental law through Supreme Court whimsy.) c) Made a now almost liturgical attack on the deficit. d) Omitted all reference to liberal inconsistency—such as the institutionalization of anti-Semitism in Jesse Jackson. Fiercely independent, indeed: as Siamese twins joined at the medulla.

"Let me say this, Jeff . . ." And, hello, I hear it—a weird echo in that "let me" locution, the appeal to fellowship. My God, what we have here is a liberal Richard Nixon. Same (if more photogenic) thick, dark face. Similar rigidity, caution, absence of humor. "Hell," I whisper to another newsman, "he looks and sounds like Nixon."

"Yeah? You see that, too? I always thought the reason he sicced himself on old Dick during Watergate was because he saw Dan Rather up there—and wanted to dissociate himself." Small town, small college, small mind origin. Indefatigable, self-made men of no sophistication or easy grace. Organizers: both private, ambitious, insecure. The one difference—political tilt aside—is that Rather has a more cunning make-up man. □




## BOOKS IN BRIEF

*"How Can You Defend Those People?": The Making of a Criminal Lawyer, by James S. Kunen (Random House, 270 pp., $15.95)*

SIXTEEN YEARS ago, James Simon Kunen wrote *The Strawberry Statement*, an endearingly callow memoir of the Columbia University riots that was immensely popular with high-school students and young revolutionaries around the country. Mr. Kunen subsequently grew up, got a law degree, shortened his middle name to a more dignified initial, and became a public defender in Washington, D.C. *"How Can You Defend Those People?"*—the latest installment of his serial autobiography—is as stylishly written as *The Strawberry Statement* and nowhere near as callow. Mr. Kunen, one of those moth-eaten young idealists who voted for Walter Mondale, is perfectly honest about himself and the system he works for; one has to admire an idealism so comprehensive that it can stand up to the hot blasts of reality that come belching out of the ghetto and into the courts day after day after day. And Mr. Kunen's idealism never gets in the way of his reportage; he's willing to tell you what happens and how he feels about it, regardless. One story must stand for a dozen. A hard-nosed judge bellows at a public defender: "The presumption of innocence is a legal fiction! He's guilty! He knows he's guilty, and I know he's guilty!" Mr. Kunen indignantly tells an older defense attorney of this constitutional outrage. The older attorney replies: "In fact, what the client's probably thinking is, 'Who is this man? How can he



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possibly know already that I did it? I just got through convincing my lawyer that I didn't do it.' " As I said, you have to admire Mr. Kunen; after two years of this, he still hasn't turned into a fire-breathing law-and-order conservative. TERRY TEACHOUT

*The Evidence Never Lies: The Casebook of a Modern Sherlock Holmes, by Alfred Allan Lewis with Herbert Leon MacDonell (Holt, Rinehart, 288 pp., $16.95)*

"HOW OFTEN have I said to you," Sherlock Holmes lectured Watson in *The Sign of Four*, "that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, *however improbable*, must be the truth." After perusing the career of Herbert MacDonell, a former glass-company technician turned criminalist, "the newest breed of detective," one can only assume the earlier detective would have recognized in him a kindred spirit. For Mr. MacDonell, according to his biographer, Alfred Allan Lewis, "has been consulted on almost every criminal case of national significance," including the Black Panther affair (discussed at length). His invention of the Magna brush has simplified the processing of fingerprints; his collection of fingernail parings represents a quarter-century's accumulation (he believes no two are alike); and he has, with good reason, been tagged "the Sherlock Holmes of bloodstain evidence." Uncovering evidence "and making it speak to him was what he truly loved . . . and he vowed that he would always let the evidence speak for itself. . . . Evidence was beautiful and logical, leading . . . to objective truth." A variety of murder cases, from Florida to Oregon, to which MacDonell applied his expertise are analyzed and skillfully narrated by Mr. Lewis. There is no index or bibliography and, more deplorably, no photographs. But, for your *Quincy* aficionado, this one will stand comparison with Sir Sydney Smith's *Mostly Murder* (1960). CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

*Smaller Is Better: Japan's Mastery of the Miniature, by O-Young Lee (Kodansha, 192 pp., $16.95)*

DESPITE THE (deliberate) similarity in titles, this book has nothing in common with E. F. Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful* of a few years back. Rather, it is a study of the Japanese culture which tries to show that making small things smaller and better (cars, microchips, etc.) is not just a recent phenomenon: Smallness, rather, is as inherent in Japanese culture as "bigness" is in American, and the creating of smaller (and better) electronics comes naturally to a society that for generations has been doing the same thing with poetry, boxes, fans, art, gardens, and trees. Of course, attempts to pigeonhole any culture are suspect, and the author (a Korean with no great love for the Japanese) omits things that don't fit his tidy paradigm (Japan, for example, built the largest battleships ever made, and sumo wrestlers are scarcely dwarfs). But, in general, the point is well taken, and the book is seasoned with a number of perceptive insights, such as the difference between Western and Japanese approaches to nature. When Westerners lay out a formal garden, for example, it is to "show how a human, rational order is imposed on irrational, disorderly nature." By contrast, "The Japanese approach to controlling nature is not to make it into something different, but to leave it the way it is, only make it smaller. . . . Western-garden nature is man-made, while Japanese-garden nature is made for man." The dichotomy also holds for *ikebana*, the Japanese art of flower arranging: "The Western bouquet seeks to express the size of the world by the addition of ever more flowers. *Ikebana* cuts away at the flowers, the branches, the leaves, and makes empty spaces in order to capture the universe." For anyone interested in Japan (or poetry, or gardening), *Smaller Is Better* is well worth reading—even if you feel compelled to take some of the author's conclusions with a miniature grain of salt. JACK D. KIRWAN

**RICKENBACKER**

(Continued from page 38)

song, Thoreau, Walden, joy, renewal, nuisance, monotony . . . where, when you have more choices than the atoms in the universe, where do the associations stop?

My particular Upstairs does things like that because it is gaga for the verbal craft. It also has no defenses at all against music and insoaks all it hears, much to my embarrassment. I mean, some of the Broadway songs of the 1930s and 1940s were okay, but they were not Mozart, and you don't have to spend your life with them, but the Upstairs has a mind of its own. How I know this is this how: Very often, and I mean something like once a day, my Entertainment Committee will crank up a tune for me. And there I am, listening to some melody from yestercentury. "I," whoever I am, become annoyed at "it," whatever it is, and quiz it: "Exactly what is this tune you're drowning me in?" Sooner or later I find the title and the lyrics coming up from the coquettish entertainer, and every time this has happened I have found that the words were tied closely to the words of the immediate conversation.

So the elves who handle the archives up there are also filing away words in association with melodies and are doing a cross-reference shindig, so that when I hear a word the next thing I hear is some ancient melody, and I'm upset until I can find out the connection (which the Upstairs has already filed away for all time, of course).

We can't understand or remember what we do not love. Our brains can match the universe, atom for atom, and have plenty left over. If we still do not understand, it is not that we have poor brains. It is—and I advance this notion childishly—perhaps that we have not loved as we have been loved. □

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## REAGAN'S DIRTY TRICK

*NEW YORK, APRIL 19*

SOMEBODY really ought to ask Tip O'Neill a very direct question, namely, whose side is he on?

For almost two years, the Democratic leadership has been asking President Reagan to pay heed to the Contadora countries in the matter of seeking a resolution to the Central American problem raised by Communist control of Nicaragua.

The Contadora group (Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, and Mexico) met in Costa Rica and suggested a modus operandi, namely that both sides—the Nicaraguan government and the *Contras*: respectively, the Marxists in power and the democrats seeking to take power—agree to a ceasefire. During that ceasefire, the Contadoras went on, the Catholic bishops in Nicaragua would act as intermediaries and preside over sessions between the antagonistic parties designed to set down rules for an election to ascertain what was in fact the democratic will of the people of Nicaragua.

Mr. Reagan declared that he was willing to go along. He elucidated: If both sides agreed to a ceasefire, the proposed United States contribution to the exercise would be to contract with the *Contras* not to spend on arms or ammunition any of the $14 million that Reagan assumed would be headed their way by vote of Congress. The money, as required, would be spent on food and "humanitarian" needs—even soldiers in bivouac need food and medicine.

And then the President added his own agenda. Not only would he require of the Nicaraguan government acquiescence on the ceasefire and ensuing democratic elections. He would also insist that foreign troops in Nicaragua—"Soviet, Cuban, PLO, Libyan, and other military and security personnel"—be ejected from the country; that Nicaragua scale down its military to a size comparable with that of its neighbors; and that Nicaragua undertake not to wage wars of aggression against its neighbors.

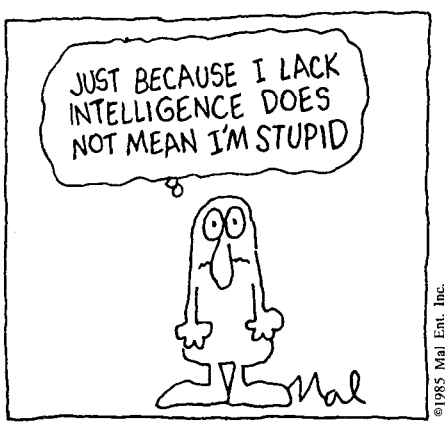
Now one would think that these demands would satisfy the reservations of Democratic legislators, who are—by the declarations of their own leaders—committed to the proposition that we will not sit idly by while Nicaragua becomes another Cuba. So what is it about Reagan's maneuver that makes it a dirty trick?

Tip O'Neill will tell you that what is dirty about it is that a) Nicaragua will not accept the terms; with the result b) that public opinion will move against those members of Congress who opposed the $14 million in aid for the *Contras*.

There is absolutely no doubt that Tip O'Neill correctly interprets the thinking of Ronald Reagan. And there is absolutely no doubt that it is hardly a "trick" to think in that way. If one needs, in order to convince Congress that Nicaragua will not submit to democratic elections and will not scale down its army to non-aggressive proportions, to dramatize Nicaragua's refusal to do this, why not proceed to dramatize? It is a part of the resources of statecraft to provide for public appreciation of reality. And one way to do this is to make a suggestion the terms of which are widely thought to be reasonable, and then to ask for a judgment based on one's foreknowledge of what the government you are addressing is going to do. Nor is it unusual. Does Tip O'Neill think it is a dirty trick for Mr. Reagan to advise King Hussein that he will not meet jointly with the Jordanians and the PLO unless the PLO agrees to acknowledge the legitimacy of the state of Israel—because Reagan knows that the PLO is not about to do this?

What especially appeals about Mr. Reagan's move is the incorporation into his public position on Nicaragua of the position of four prominent Latin American countries—the Contadora group—that have been exercising, in effect, a surrogate vote for all of Latin America. They are viewed as moderate countries, seeking on the one hand to curb any American inclination to go back to the days of Yanqui imperialism; and on the other hand to resist Communist imperialism via Castro's Cuba. What Reagan did was add specific features to the demand for "democracy," which features can hardly incur the opposition of Latin Americans who see no reason for the presence in Nicaragua of platoons of advisors from Communist and terrorist countries.

It is humiliating that Mr. Reagan should need to teach that which is self-evident, but if Mr. Reagan is bright enough to see what is palpably going on in Nicaragua and congressional Democrats are too dumb to see what is happening there, it oughtn't to be termed a dirty trick to take the time to teach them. □




## THE KIRKPATRICK FACTOR

*NEW YORK, APRIL 15*

THE ANNEXATION of Jeane Kirkpatrick by the Republican Party is one of those decisive symbolic events the GOP would be historically delinquent to ignore. So far as one can tell, it is being treated merely as the conversion of a single prominent woman to a party already robust in size. It is more than that and ought to be acknowledged as more than that.

The GOP has suffered greatly from historical casualties. One of these it may be said to have wished upon itself, namely the pre-emptive identification of the Democratic Party with the civil-rights movement. Another it inherited from fate: Abraham Lincoln was a Republican, and he was President when the South was defeated.

We have known since, roughly, the election of Eisenhower in 1952 that the South would sometimes be willing to cross the line and vote for a Republican President. In the years since then, Southerners have gone further, voting for individual Republicans occasionally for governor (for instance in Texas) and for senator (for instance in South Carolina). But the massive move of white Southern voters to the Republican Party has yet to happen.

It might have been triggered in 1972, when the Democratic Party, convened in Miami, selected as its candidate George



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McGovern, a Left Democrat who spurned the spinal column of the Democratic Party, which was organized labor. The Democrats paid dearly for their mistake, and recovered briefly only because Jimmy Carter was in 1976 identified as the conservative alternative to Ted Kennedy. If Governor George Wallace, who continued to pick up delegate strength in 1972 even after he was crippled by a would-be assassin's bullet, had taken that opportunity to announce his defection as a Democrat, it is likely that much of the South would have followed him into the GOP. But he stood still, and so therefore did Southerners who continue to espouse Republican policies, and vote for Democratic candidates.

The great paradox in Washington is of course that Left Democrats tend to dominate the House of Representatives. Begin with the raw figures: Although the House of Representatives is supposed to be representative of the people's political inclinations, we have now in the House 69 more Democrats than Republicans, notwithstanding that the mood of the electorate is distinctly conservative. Reagan captured 59 per cent of the popular vote in 1984, but the Democratic majority in the House is 58 per cent. That happened because of gerrymandering by Democrats in power. But it happened also because of inertial affiliations: Southerners, for instance, voting for Democratic congressmen, and Republican Presidents. That is the paradox that Jeane Kirkpatrick's defection should massively assault.

How to proceed?

The Republicans have successfully opportunized on the enormities of individual Democrats nominated for President. The suicidal-Left policies of George McGovern and Walter Mondale were well demonstrated by Republican opponents. But the posture of the party seemed to be: "Dear Democrat, We are not asking you to leave your party, merely to vote against it this one time, given the ideological character of your candidates. Vote for Reagan in November, and we promise not to pester you to cross the aisle." Well, surely the time has come to do exactly that. The time for realignment.

There is a problem of pride in these matters. In England it is widely accepted that individual Members of Parliament will disaffiliate with one party and join another. Here, it tends to be viewed as an act that borders on ritual infidelity, as though one were renouncing one's heritage. It is a problem not unlike that of the Jew who desires to become a Christian but fears that to do so is in the nature of tribal repudiation, even as the Christian turning to Judaism would face a social-cultural problem. The tug of ancient loyalties is hard to overcome. But it can be done. One recalls the British orator declaiming before an audience in the north of England and finishing with the peroration, "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope to die an Englishman." A Scotsman commented from the audience, "Mon, have ye no ambition?"

It is a matter of pride. And punishment. John Connally, nine years ago, was punished for leaving the Democratic Party. If he had stayed in it, he might have saved the party from its permanent leftward lurch. But since then, Democrats have got used to voting Republican at the top. The time has come to incite a mass movement. □

# A SUMMIT IN THE AIR?

*NEW YORK, APRIL 8*

ON THE matter of the spooning now in progress between Ronald Reagan, suitor, and Mikhail Gorbachev, coquette, we see, lightly limned before us, a nice distinction, the reification of which we should encourage. It is the difference between a "visit" and a "summit." It is increasingly the case that a meeting between the leaders of two countries, especially if they are the superpowers, takes on the majestic dimensions of a meeting at which matters will be decided that affect human destiny.

Now, it is frequently stressed in unwritten diplomatic textbooks that there is never any point in scheduling a summit conference except to ratify arrangements already worked out between two great powers. Sometimes there is last-minute work to do, as was the case in June 1972, when President Nixon met with Chairman Brezhnev to sign that unfortunate agreement known as SALT I, and there was a little shuffling of fine print. This dictum—no extemporaneous summits—has always been that of Mr. Reagan, and accordingly the world was surprised to learn that Mr. Bush, in Moscow for the overdue funeral of Mr. Chernenko, invited Gorbachev to Washington to meet with the President, and everyone assumed there was a summit in the making.

We know that any communication between the principals in Washington and Moscow is of immense political importance, and, inevitably, advocates of a realistic foreign policy began to wonder whether their hero Mr. Reagan was softening. Softening is here defined as being beguiled into supposing that exchanges between Communist and Western leaders are always desirable on the grounds that, inevitably, the ensuing dialectic breeds little Socratic infants that grow up to be the Congress of Vienna. Reagan is enough a student of summit conferences to recognize that in our time the spirit of Frankenstein, rather than that of Socrates, has dominated summit conferences. We'd have done better if we hadn't attended Yalta, Potsdam, Geneva, Vienna, Moscow, and Helsinki. So then, what was —is—Reagan up to?

The morning's news last Tuesday brought forth from Larry Speakes, the White House press spokesman, the news that "There has been no discussion about arrangements for a summit, no meeting set, no time set, nothing along those lines." If that is true, then what we have is the issuance by George Bush, to Mikhail Gorbachev, in Moscow on March 13, of a visitor's visa, so to speak, signed by the President, which includes a tour of the White House. And soon after Mr. Speakes gave us that clarification, "White House officials," as the *New York Times* dispatch put it, "indicated that Mr. Reagan would respond favorably to the selection of a neutral European country as the site for a summit meeting." And that certainly removed from consideration the notion that a summit is immediately in the offing.

So that we are left asking whether Mr. Reagan's invitation merely to visit was a good idea. When Gromyko made his much-publicized call on Mr. Reagan in the heat of the election campaign, an obvious purpose was served in meeting with him, namely to redress the misimpression so assiduously cultivated by Walter Mondale that Ronald Reagan was incapable of any direct communication with Soviet leaders. Perhaps Mr. Reagan seeks an opportunity to confirm this point by receiving Gorbachev in the White House. What would they then talk about?

The usual things. 1) Both countries seek to resolve their differences by peaceful means. 2) Both desire co-existence. 3) Both deeply regret the continuing poverty of so much of the globe. And 4) both pledge to continue efforts to do something about it, and to meet frequently to explore possibilities for joint action.

THAT COMMUNIQUÉ is the counterpart, between hostile powers, of the communiqués jointly issued by super-friendly powers like Great Britain and the United States. The Friendly Communiqué was caricatured in 1957 in *Punch* magazine, in a cartoon that showed Dwight Eisenhower, dressed in hunting tweeds and seated on a park bench in front of the White House, clasping hands with Harold Macmillan, dressed as a country squire's wife, a quilted blanket over their knees to keep them warm. The caption read:

"Darling."

"What, darling?"

"Nothing, darling. Just 'darling,' darling."

The clichés of diplomacy never really change. Perhaps Mr. Reagan will consent to Gorbachev's seeing Disneyland, which the security detail wouldn't let Khrushchev visit. He could be made to feel at home by the simple device of taking him to the Chamber of Horrors. □

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## Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

H. L. MENCKEN:

*Accurate Predictions*

The average American of [1924] works more than a full day in every week to support his government. It already costs him more than his pleasures and almost as much as his vices and in another half-century, no doubt, it will begin to cost as much as his necessities.



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**(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)**

CLASSY, VIVACIOUS Connecticut lady, 50, ex-New Yorker, seeks spirited, adventurous gentleman who enjoys NYC and its museums, concerts, theater, and stimulating conversation. Write NR Box 4081.

FLORIDA SEAGOING MALE, 60, 5'6½", likes nature, hiking, bicycling; seeks woman of character. Write NR Box 4080.

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WITTY ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, 26, enjoys Nautilus, U2, political economy; seeks livewire lady, San Francisco. Write NR Box 4079.

NEW JERSEY MAN, 31, professional, never married, family values, seeks Catholic, college-educated lady, 22-30. Interests include running, baseball, and politics. Write NR Box 4078.

GREEN-EYED, SUCCESSFUL Southwestern artist, 42, a vivacious Phi Beta Kappa, seeks Renaissance man of integrity, humor, and fire. Write NR Box 4076.

N.Y. PROFESSIONAL MALE, 36, 6', blue-eyed, sensitive, energetic, handsome, conservative, athletic. Loves skiing, opera, classical music, dining out, and walks on the beach. Seeks sincere female. Write NR Box 4083.

HAPPY CATHOLIC MAN, 32, 6'1", interested in writing, wine, travel, dancing, politics, economics, wisdom, humor, and (axiomatically) WFB & Co. Interested in settling down and starting a family. Please write: #5, 908 Fifth Street, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403.

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SAN FRANCISCO BAY programmer, 38, enjoys indoors, outdoors, The Doors; seeks intelligent, athletic, nonsmoking female young enough for family. Photo. Write NR Box 4071.

NEW ORLEANS, or within roughly 200 miles? Slim, green-eyed male, 41, loves laughter, satire, *McLaughlin Group*, old movies, physical fitness, fine restaurants, Guinness, Beethoven, and Tony Bennett, seeks slender woman to share some of same. Write NR Box 4065.

CATHOLIC WOMAN, 30, somewhere between presentable and beautiful, 5'6", Ivy, cheerful, southern Connecticut, likes Shakespeare, Austen, Trollope, classical music, civilized country life, wishes to meet taller man, 30-40, who likes at least some of these and may be interested in marriage, children. Idiosyncrasy preferred; spine required. Limited downside risk: I prefer to go Dutch with new acquaintances. Write NR Box 4064.

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# TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

## DEFINITIONS

A. Southeast Tennessee town, and a carpenter's delight — 137 173 44 114 25 146 66 91 9

B. Theory at odds with creationism — 33 165 81 6 159 127 115 49 134

C. Be admitted to Duke — 101 31 156 112 61 122 170 87 12 164 52

D. Short-sighted kind of freeze — 80 47 68 144 38 105 20 124 93 140

E. Rendered legally void — 94 157 64 34 177 24 151 113 74

F. Lifford is its county seat — 125 79 166 17 116 96 27

G. New England's largest city and port — 179 130 65 50 103 4

H. Not yet mapped — 132 119 67 76 180 40 174 23 150

I. Hen men — 104 123 46 153 18 83 143 55

J. Southern Connecticut town, and a carpenter's delight — 3 73 160 42 139 22 100 118 92

K. Advance beyond proper limits — 182 29 99 133 110 168 82 11

L. One of the world's religions — 60 175 32 117 163 129 14 7 149 48 158 71

M. Mirages — 28 88 98 142 78 43 5 161 57

N. Promises made to God — 62 90 10 162

O. Incite — 63 152 169 106 126 89 72 13 41

P. There's nothing funny about this curve — 97 54 85 102 77 21

Q. People who are gratified by others' pain — 181 120 167 45 15 70 147

R. Home to the parentless — 58 178 171 37 148 111 86 128 2

S. Northern California town, and a carpenter's delight — 121 141 109 154 172 8 30 84 131 95

T. Greek letter — 155 135 75 145

U. Time of the receding surf (2 words) — 176 53 16 36 56 136 26

V. 27th President — 39 108 59 19

W. God, to the Israelites — 35 138 107 1 69 51

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 W | 2 R | ■ | 3 J | 4 G | 5 M | 6 B | ■ | 7 L | 8 S | 9 A | ■ | 10 N | 11 K | 12 C | 13 O | ■ | 14 L |
| 15 Q | ■ | 16 U | 17 F | 18 I | 19 V | 20 D | 21 P | ■ | 22 J | 23 H | ■ | 24 E | 25 A | 26 U | 27 F | ■ | 28 M |
| 29 K | 30 S | 31 C | 32 L | 33 B | 34 E | 35 W | ■ | 36 U | 37 R | 38 D | 39 V | ■ | 40 H | 41 O | 42 J | 43 M | 44 A |
| 45 Q | 46 I | 47 D | ■ | 48 L | 49 B | ■ | 50 G | 51 W | 52 C | ■ | 53 U | 54 P | 55 I | 56 U | 57 M | ■ | 58 R |
| 59 V | ■ | 60 L | 61 C | 62 N | 63 O | 64 E | ■ | 65 G | 66 A | 67 H | 68 D | 69 W | 70 Q | 71 L | ■ | 72 O | 73 J |
| 74 E | ■ | 75 T | 76 H | 77 P | ■ | 78 M | 79 F | 80 D | 81 B | 82 K | 83 I | ■ | 84 S | 85 P | ■ | 86 R | 87 C |
| 88 M | ■ | 89 O | 90 N | 91 A | 92 J | ■ | 93 D | 94 E | 95 S | ■ | 96 F | 97 P | 98 M | ■ | 99 K | 100J | 101C |
| 102P | 103G | 104I | 105D | ■ | 106O | 107W | 108V | 109S | ■ | 110K | 111R | ■ | 112C | 113E | 114A | 115B | 116F |
| 117L | 118J | 119H | ■ | 120Q | 121S | 122C | 123I | 124D | 125F | 126O | 127B | 128R | ■ | 129L | 130G | ■ | 131S |
| 132H | 133K | ■ | 134B | 135T | 136U | 137A | ■ | 138W | 139J | 140D | ■ | 141S | 142M | 143I | ■ | 144D | 145T |
| 146A | 147Q | ■ | 148R | 149L | 150H | ■ | 151E | 152O | 153I | 154S | 155T | 156C | 157E | 158L | 159B | 160J | 161M |
| 162N | ■ | 163L | 164C | 165B | 166F | 167Q | ■ | 168K | 169O | ■ | 170C | 171R | 172S | 173A | ■ | 174H | 175L |
| 176U | 177E | 178R | 179G | 180H | 181Q | 182K | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |



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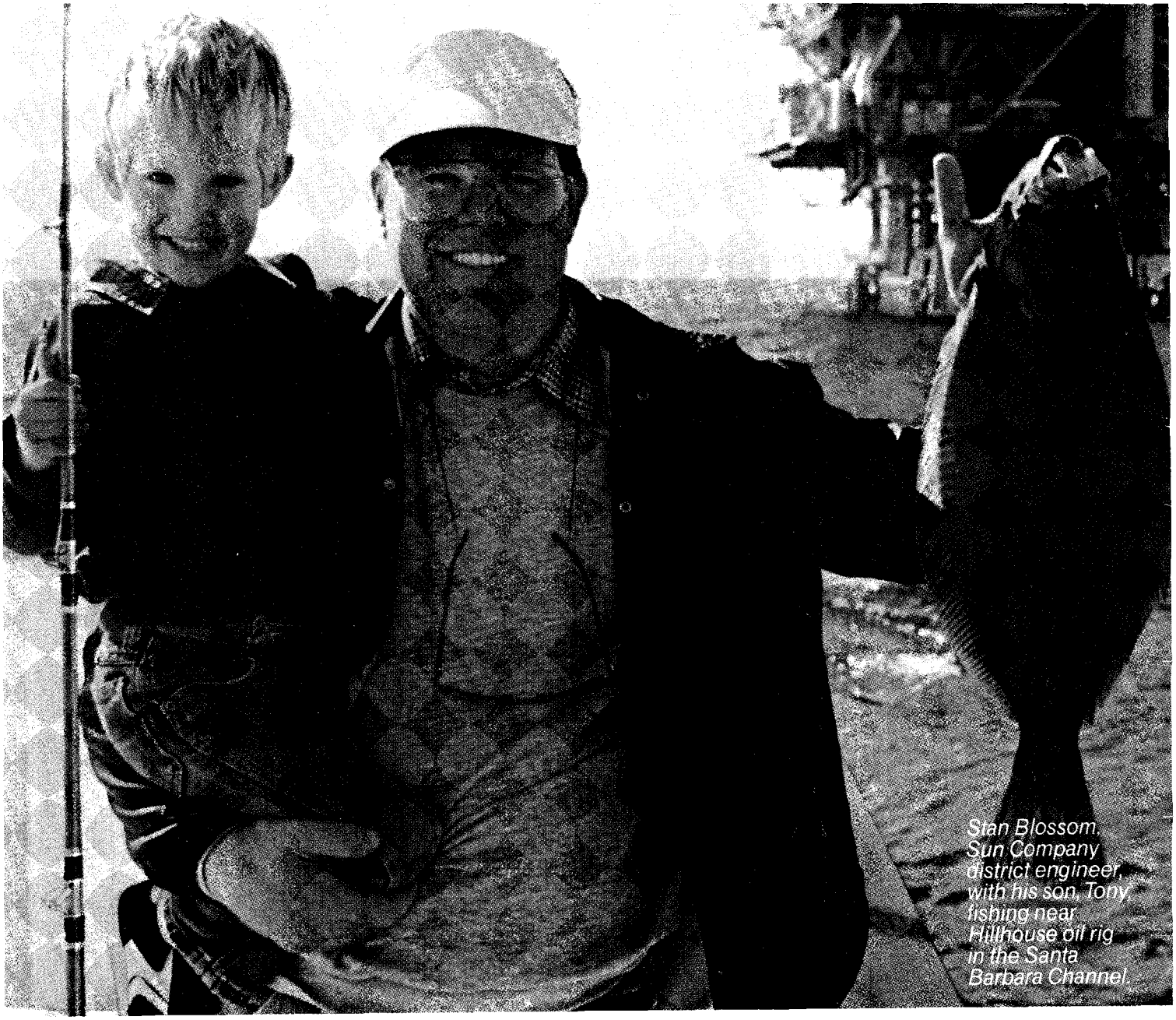

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